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# PELHAM

1069

OR, THE

## DVENTURES OF A GENTLEMAN

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"Je suis peu sévère, mais sage—
"Philosophe, mais amoureux—
"Mon art est de me rendre heureux,
"J'y réussis—en faut-il davantage?"

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"A complete gentleman, who, according to Sir Fopling, ought to dress well, dance well, fence well, have a genius for love letters, and an agreeable voice for a chamber."

ETHEREGE.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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## ERRATA IN VOL. II.

Page 11, line 13, for "*Sharp sauce à cotelette*," read "*sharp sauce cotelette.*"
— 35 — 9 — "*Monsieur Delarignes*," read "*Monsieur de la Vignes.*"
— 66 — 16 — "*induct*," read "*indue.*"
— 80 — 5 — "*of* this opinion," read "*in* this opinion."
— 105 — 16 — "*author*," read "*authors.*"
— 115 — 4 — "*The sympathy is for the effect, not the cause*," read "*The sympathy is for the cause, not the effect.*"
— 173 — 11 — "*turba tremi*," read "*turba Remi.*"
— 205 — 18 — "*horrosques!!!*" read "*remarks.*"
— 239 — 13 — "*bête noire*," read "*bête noir.*"
— 244 — 1 — "of the *genius*," read "of the *genus.*"
— 265 — 21 — "as *it* noted," read "as *he* noted."
— 274 — — "*connubile jugum*," read "*connubiale jugum.*"
— 294 — 5 — "Ευρεκα," read "Ευρηκα."
— 307 — 9 — "*supposing*," read "*suppose.*"

# PELHAM;

OR,

# ADVENTURES OF A GENTLEMAN.

## CHAPTER I.

——Mihi jam non regia Roma
Sed vacuum Tiber placet.——
HORAT.

"MY dear child," said my mother to me, affectionately, "you must be very much bored here, *pour dire vrai*, I am so myself. Your uncle is a very good man, but he does not make his house pleasant; and I have, lately, been very much afraid that he should convert you into a mere bookworm; after all, my dear Henry, you are quite clever

enough to trust to your own ability. Your great geniuses never read."

"True, my dear mother," said I, with a most unequivocal yawn, and depositing on the table, Mr. Bentham upon Popular Fallacies; "true, and I am quite of your opinion. Did you see in the Post of this morning, how full Cheltenham was?"

"Yes, Henry; and now you mention it, I don't think you could do better than to go there for a month or two. As for me, I must return to your father, whom I left at Lord H——'s, a place, *entre nous*, very little more amusing than this—but then one does get one's *écarté* table, and that dear Lady Roseville, your old acquaintance, is staying there."

"Well," said I, musingly, "suppose we take our departure the beginning of next week; our way will be the same as far as London, and the plea of attending you will be a good excuse to my uncle, for proceeding no farther in these confounded books?"

1069


"*C'est une affaire finie*," replied my mother, "and I will speak to your uncle myself."

Accordingly the necessary disclosure of our intentions was made. Lord Glenmorris received it with proper indifference, so far as my mother was concerned; but expressed much pain at *my* leaving him so soon. However, when he found I was not so much gratified as honoured, by his wishes for my longer *séjour*, he gave up the point with a delicacy that enchanted me.

The morning of our departure arrived. Carriage at the door—band-boxes in the passage—breakfast on the table—myself in my great coat—my uncle in his great chair. "My dear boy," said he, "I trust we shall meet again soon; you have abilities that may make you capable of effecting much good to your fellow-creatures; but you are fond of the world, and though not averse to application, devoted to pleasure, and likely to pervert the gifts you possess. At all events, you have now learned, both as a public character and a pri-

vate individual, the difference between good and evil. Make but this distinction, that, whereas, in political science, though the rules you have learned be fixed and unerring, yet the application of them must vary with time and circumstance. We must bend, temporize, and frequently withdraw, doctrines which, invariable in their truth, the prejudices of the time will not invariably allow, and even relinquish a faint hope of obtaining a great good, for the certainty of obtaining a lesser; yet in the science of private morals, which relate for the main part to ourselves individually, we have no right to deviate one single iota from the rule of our conduct. Neither time nor circumstance must cause us to modify or to change. Integrity knows no variation; honesty no shadow of turning. We must pursue the same course—stern and uncompromising—in the full persuasion that the path of right is like the bridge from earth to heaven, in the Mahometan creed—if we swerve but a single hair's breadth, we are irrevocably lost."

At this moment my mother joined us, with a

"Well, my dear Henry, every thing is ready—we have no time to lose."

My uncle rose, pressed my hand, and left in it a pocket-book, which I afterwards discovered to be most satisfactorily furnished. We took an edifying and affectionate farewell of each other, passed through the two rows of servants, drawn up in martial array, along the great hall, entered the carriage, and *went off* with the rapidity of a novel upon "fashionable life."

## CHAPTER II.

Da—si grave non est
Quæ prima iratum ventrem placaverit esca.
HORAT.

I DID not remain above a day or two in town. I had never seen much of the humours of a watering place, and my love of observing character made me exceedingly impatient for that pleasure. Accordingly, the first bright morning I set off for Cheltenham. I was greatly struck with the entrance to that town: it is to these watering places that a foreigner should be taken, in order to give him an adequate idea of the magnificent opulence, and universal luxury, of England. Our country has, in every province, what France only has in Paris—a capital, consecrated to gaiety, idleness,

and enjoyment. London is both too busy in one class of society, and too pompous in another, to please a foreigner, who has not excellent recommendations to private circles. But at Brighton, Cheltenham, Hastings, Bath, he may, as at Paris, find all the gaieties of society without knowing a single individual.

My carriage stopped at the —— Hotel. A corpulent and stately waiter, with gold buckles to a pair of very tight pantaloons, showed me up stairs. I found myself in a tolerable room facing the street, and garnished with two pictures of rocks and rivers, with a comely flight of crows, hovering in the horizon of both, as natural as possible, only they were a little larger than the trees. Over the chimney-piece, where I had fondly hoped to find a looking-glass, was a grave print of General Washington, with one hand stuck out like the spout of a tea-pot. Between the two windows—(unfavourable position!) was an oblong mirror, to which I immediately hastened, and had the pleasure of seeing my complexion catch the colour of the curtains

that overhung the glass on each side, and exhibit the pleasing *rurality* of a pale green.

I shrunk back aghast, turned, and beheld the waiter. Had I seen myself in a glass delicately shaded by rose-hued curtains, I should gently and smilingly have said, "Have the goodness to bring me the bill of fare." As it was, I growled out, "Bring me the bill, and be d——d to you."

The stiff waiter bowed solemnly and withdrew slowly. I looked round the room once more, and discovered the additional adornments of a tea-urn, and a book. "Thank heaven," thought I, as I took up the latter, "it can't be one of Jeremy Bentham's." No! it was the Cheltenham Guide. I turned to the head of amusements—"Dress ball at the rooms every ——" some day or other—which of the seven I utterly forget; but it was the same as that which witnessed my first arrival in the small drawing-room of the —— Hotel.

"Thank Heaven!" said I to myself, as Bedos entered with my things, and was ordered immediately to have all in preparation for "the dress-

ball at the rooms," at the hour of half-past ten. The waiter entered with the bill. "Soups, chops, cutlets, steaks, roast joints, &c. &c.—*lion, birds.*"

"Get some soup," said I, "a slice or two of lion, and half a dozen birds."

"Sir," said the solemn waiter, "you can't have less than a whole lion, and we have only two birds in the house."

"Pray," asked I, "are you in the habit of supplying your larder from Exeter 'Change, or do you breed lions here like poultry?"

"Sir," answered the grim waiter, never relaxing into a smile, "we have lions brought us from the country every day."

"What do you pay for them?" said I.

"About three and sixpence a piece, Sir."

"Humph!—market in Africa overstocked," thought I.

"Pray, how do you dress an animal of that description?"

"Roast and stuff him, Sir, and serve him up with currant jelly."

"What! like a hare?"

"It *is* a hare, Sir."

"What!"

"Yes, Sir, it is a hare!*—but we call it a lion, because of the Game Laws."

Bright discovery, thought I; they have a new language in Cheltenham: nothing's like travelling to enlarge the mind. "And the birds," said I, aloud, "are neither humming birds, nor ostriches, I suppose?"

"No, Sir; they are partridges."

"Well, then, give me some soup; a *cotelette de mouton*, and a 'bird,' as you term it, and be quick about it."

"It shall be done with dispatch," answered the pompous attendant, and withdrew.

Is there, in the whole course of this pleasant and varying life, which young gentlemen and ladies write verses to prove same and sorrowful,—is

* I have since learned that this custom of calling a *hare* a *lion*, is not peculiar to Cheltenham. At that time I was utterly unacquainted with the regulations of the London coffee-houses.

there, in the whole course of it, one half-hour really and genuinely disagreeable?—if so, it is the half-hour before dinner at a strange inn. Nevertheless, by the help of philosophy and the window, I managed to endure it with great patience, and though I was famishing with hunger, I pretended the indifference of a sage, even when the dinner was at length announced. I coquetted a whole minute with my napkin, before I attempted the soup, and I helped myself to the potatory food with a slow dignity that must have perfectly won the heart of the solemn waiter. The soup was a little better than hot water, and the sharp sauce *à cotelette* than leather and vinegar; howbeit, I attacked them with the vigour of an Irishman, and washed them down with a bottle of the worst liquor ever dignified with the *venerabile nomen* of claret. The bird was tough enough to have passed for an ostrich in miniature; and I felt its ghost hopping about the stomachic sepulchre to which I consigned it the whole of that evening and a great portion of the next day, when a glass of curaçoa laid it at rest.

After this splendid repast, I flung myself back on my chair with the complacency of a man who has dined well, and dozed away the time till the hour of dressing.

"Now," thought I, as I placed myself before my glass, "shall I gently please, or sublimely astonish the 'fashionables' of Cheltenham. Ah, Bah! the latter school is vulgar, Byron spoilt it. Don't put out that chain, Bedos—I wear—the black coat, waistcoat, and trowsers. Brush my hair as much *out* of curl as you can, and give an air of graceful negligence to my *tout ensemble.*"

"*Oui, Monsieur, je comprends,*" answered Bedos.

I was soon dressed, for it is the *design,* not the *execution* of all great undertakings which requires deliberation and delay. *Action* cannot be too prompt. A chair was called, and Henry Pelham was conveyed to the rooms.

## CHAPTER III.

> Now see, prepared to lead the sprightly dance,
> The lovely nymphs, and well dressed youths advance,
> The spacious room receives its jovial guest,
> And the floor shakes with pleasing weight oppressed.
>
> *Art of Dancing.*
>
> *Page.* His name, my lord, is Tyrrell.
>
> *Richard III.*

Upon entering, I saw several heads rising and sinking, to the tune of "Cherry ripe." A whole row of stiff necks, in cravats of the most unexceptionable length and breadth were just before me. A tall thin young man, with dark wiry hair brushed on one side, was drawing on a pair of white Woodstock gloves, and affecting to look round the room with the supreme indifference of *bon ton.*

"Ah, Ritson," said another young Cheltenhamian to him of the Woodstock gauntlets, "haven't you been dancing yet?"

"No, Smith, 'pon honour!" answered Mr. Ritson; "it is so overpoweringly hot; no fashionable man dances now;—*It is'n't the thing.*"

"Why," replied Mr. Smith, who was a good-natured looking person, with a blue coat and brass buttons, a gold pin in his neckloth, and knee-breeches, "Why, they dance at Almack's, don't they?"

"No, 'pon honour," murmured Mr. Ritson, "no, they just walk a quadrille or *spin a waltz*, as my friend, Lord Bobadob calls it, nothing more—no, hang dancing, '*tis so* vulgar."

A stout, red-faced man, about thirty, with wet auburn hair, a marvellously fine waistcoat, and a badly-washed frill, now joined Messrs. Ritson and Smith.

"Ah, Sir Ralph," cried Smith, "how d'ye do? been hunting all day, I suppose?"

"Yes, old cock," replied Sir Ralph; "been after the brush till I am quite done up; such a glorious run. By G—, you should have seen my grey mare, Smith. By G—, she's a glorious fencer."

"You don't hunt, do you Ritson?" interrogated Mr. Smith.

"Yes, I do," replied Mr. Ritson, affectedly playing with his Woodstock glove; "yes, but I only hunt in Leicestershire with my friend, Lord Bobadob; 'tis not the thing to hunt any where else, 'tis *so* vulgar.'

Sir Ralph stared at the speaker with mute contempt, while Mr. Smith, like the ass between the hay, stood balancing betwixt the opposing merits of the baronet and the beau. Meanwhile, a smiling, nodding, affected female thing, in ringlets and flowers, flirted up to the trio.

"Now, reelly Mr. Smith, you should deence; a feeshonable young man, like you—I don't know what the young leedies will say to you." And the fair seducer laughed bewitchingly.

"You are very good, Mrs. Dollimore," replied Mr. Smith, with a blush and a low bow; "but Mr. Ritson tells me it is not *the thing* to dance."

"Oh," cried Mrs. Dollimore, "but then he's

seech a naughty, conceited creature—don't follow his example, Meester Smith," and again the good lady laughed immoderately.

"Nay, Mrs. Dollimore," said Mr. Ritson, passing his hand through his abominable hair, "you are too severe; but tell me, Mrs. Dollimore, is the Countess St. A—— coming here?"

"Now, reelly Mr. Ritson, *you* who are the pink of feeshon, ought to know better than I can; but I hear so."

"Do you know the Countess?" said Mr. Smith, in respectful surprise, to Ritson.

"Oh, very well," replied the Coryphæus of Cheltenham, swinging his Woodstock glove to and fro; "I have often *danced* with her at Almack's."

"Is she a good deencer?" asked Mrs. Dollimore.

"Oh, capital," responded Mr. Ritson; "*she's such a nice genteel little figure.*"

Sir Ralph, apparently tired of this "feeshonable" conversation, swaggered away.

"Pray," said Mrs. Dollimore, "who is that geentleman?"

"Sir Ralph Rumford," replied Smith, eagerly, "a particular friend of mine at Cambridge."

"I wonder if he's going to make a long steey?" said Mrs. Dollimore.

"Yes, I believe so," replied Mr. Smith, "if we make it agreeable to him."

"You must poositively introduce him to me," said Mrs. Dollimore.

"I will, with great pleasure," said the good-natured Mr. Smith.

"Is Sir Ralph *a man of fashion?*" inquired Mr. Ritson.

"He's a baronet," emphatically pronounced Mr. Smith.

"Ah!" replied Ritson, "but he may be a man of rank, without being a man of fashion."

"True," lisped Mrs. Dollimore.

"I don't know," replied Smith, with an air of puzzled wonderment, "but he has 7,000*l.* a-year."

"Has he, indeed?" cried Mrs. Dollimore, surprised into her natural tone of voice; and, at that moment, a young lady, ringletted and flowered like herself, joined her, and accosted her by the endearing appellation of "Mama."

"Have you been dancing, my love?" inquired Mrs. Dallimore.

"Yes, ma; with Captain Johnson."

"Oh," said the mother, with a toss of her head, and giving her daughter a significant push, she walked away with her to another end of the room, to talk about Sir Ralph Rumford, and his seven thousand pounds a year.

"Well!" thought I, "odd people these; let us enter a little farther into this savage country;" in accordance with this reflection, I proceeded towards the middle of the room.

"Who's that?" said Mr. Smith, in a loud whisper, as I passed him.

"'Pon honour," answered Ritson, "I don't know! but he's a deuced neat looking fellow, *quite genteel.*"

"Thank you, Mr. Ritson," said my vanity, "you are not so offensive after all."

I paused to look at the dancers; a middle-aged, respectable looking gentleman was beside me. Common people, after they have passed forty, grow social. My neighbour hemmed twice, and made preparations for speaking. "I may as well encourage him," was my reflection; accordingly I turned round, with a most good-natured expression of countenance.

"A fine room this, Sir," said the man immediately.

"Very," said I, with a smile, "and extremely well filled."

"Ah, Sir," answered my neighbour, "Cheltenham is not as it used to be some fifteen years ago. I have seen as many as one thousand two hundred and fifty persons within these walls;" (certain people are always so d——d particularizing,) "aye, Sir," pursued my *laudator temporis acti*, "and half the peerage here into the bargain."

"Indeed!" quoth I, with an air of surprise

suited to the information I received, "but the society is very good still, is it not?"

"Oh, very *genteel*," replied the man; "but not so *dashing* as it used to be." (Oh! those two horrid words! low enough to suit even the author of "——.")

"Pray," asked I, glancing at Messrs. Ritson and Smith, "do you know who those gentlemen are?"

"Extremely well!" replied my neighbour: "the tall young man is Mr. Ritson; his mother has a house in Baker-street, and gives quite *elegant* parties. He's a most *genteel* young man; but such an insufferable coxcomb."

"And the other?" said I.

"Oh! he's a Mr. Smith; his father was an eminent merchant, and is lately dead, leaving each of his sons thirty thousand pounds; the young Smith is *a knowing hand*, and wants to spend his money with spirit. He has a great passion for '*high life*,' and *therefore* attaches himself much to Mr. Ritson, who is *quite that way inclined*."

"He could not have selected a better model," said I.

"True," rejoined my Cheltenham Asmodeus, with *naïve* simplicity; "but I hope he won't adopt his *conceit* as well as his *elegance*."

"I shall die," said I to myself, "if I talk with this fellow any longer," and I was just going to glide away, when a tall, stately dowager, with two lean, scraggy daughters, entered the room; I could not resist pausing to inquire who they were.

My friend looked at me with a very altered and disrespectful air at this interrogation. "*Who!*" said he, "why, the Countess of Babbleton, and her two daughters, the Honourable Lady Jane Babel, and the Honourable Lady Mary Babel. They are the great people of Cheltenham," pursued he, "and its *a fine thing* to get into their set."

Meanwhile Lady Babbleton and her two daughters swept up the room, bowing and nodding to the riven ranks on each side, who made their

salutations with the most profound respect. My experienced eye detected in a moment that Lady Babbleton, in spite of her title and her stateliness, was exceedingly the reverse of good ton, and the daughters (who did not resemble the scrag of mutton, *but its ghost)*, had an appearance of sour affability, which was as different from the manners of proper society, as it possibly could be.

I wondered greatly who and what they were. In the eyes of the Cheltenhamians, they were *the* Countess and her daughters; and any further explanation would have been deemed quite superfluous; further explanation I was, however, determined to procure, and was walking across the room in profound meditation, as to the method in which the discovery should be made, when I was startled by the voice of Sir Lionel Garrett; I turned round, and to my inexpressible joy, beheld that worthy baronet.

"God bless me, Pelham," said he, "how delighted I am to see you. Lady Harriett, here's your old favourite, Mr. Pelham."

Lady Harriett was all smiles and pleasure. "Give me your arm," said she; "I must go and speak to Lady Babbleton—odious woman!"

"Do, my dear Lady Harriett," said I, "explain to me *what* Lady Babbleton was?"

"Why—she was a milliner, and took in the late Lord, who was an idiot.—*Voilà tout!*"

"Perfectly satisfactory," replied I.

"Or, short and sweet, as Lady Babbleton would say," replied Lady Harriett, laughing.

"In antithesis to her daughters, who are long and sour."

"Oh, you satirist!" said the affected Lady Harriett (who was only three removes better than the Cheltenham countess); "but tell me how long have you been at Cheltenham?"

"About four hours and a half!"

"Then you don't know any of the lions here?"

"None."

"Well, let me dispatch Lady Babbleton, and I'll then devote myself to being your nomenclator."

We walked up to Lady Babbleton, who had already disposed of her daughters, and was sitting in solitary dignity at the end of the room.

"My dear Lady Babbleton," cried Lady Harriett, taking both the hands of the dowager—"I am so glad to see you, and how well you are looking; and your charming daughters, how are they?—sweet girls!—and how long have you been here?"

"We have only just come," replied the *ci-devant* milliner, half rising and rustling her plumes in stately agitation, like a nervous parrot; "we must conform to modern *ours*, Lady *Arriett*, though for my part, I like the old-fashioned plan of dining early, and finishing one's gaieties before midnight; but I set the fashion of good *ours* as well as I can. I think it's a duty *we* owe to society, Lady Arriett, to encourage morality by our own example. What else do we have rank for?" And, so saying, the counter countess drew herself up with a most edifying air of moral dignity.

Lady Harriett looked at me, and perceiving that

my eye said "go on," as plain as eye could possibly speak, she continued—"Which of the wells do you attend, Lady Babbleton?"

"All," replied the patronizing dowager. "I like to encourage the poor people here; I've no notion of being proud because one has a title, Lady *Arriett*."

"No," rejoined the worthy helpmate of Sir Lionel Garratt; "every body talks of your condescension, Lady Babbleton; but are you not afraid of letting yourself down by going every where?"

"Oh," answered *the countess*, "I admit very few into my set, *at home*, but I *go out promiscuously*;" and then, looking at me, she said, in a whisper, to Lady Harriett, "Who is that nice young gentleman?"

"Mr. Pelham," replied Lady Harriett; and, turning to me, formally introduced us to each other.

"Are you any relation (asked the dowager) to Lady Frances Pelham?"

"Only her son," said I.

"Dear me," replied Lady Babbleton, "how odd; what a nice *elegant* woman she is! She does not go much out, does she? I don't often meet her!"

"I should not think it likely that your ladyship did meet her much. She does not visit *promiscuously*."

"Every rank has its duty," said Lady Harriett, gravely; "your mother, Mr. Pelham, may confine her circle as much as she pleases; but the high rank of Lady Babbleton requires greater condescension; just the same as the Dukes of Sussex and Gloucester go to many places where you and I would not."

"Very true!" said the innocent dowager; "and that's a very sensible remark! Were you at Bath last winter, Mr. Pelham?" continued *the countess*, whose thoughts wandered from subject to subject in the most *rudderless* manner.

"No, Lady Babbleton, I was unfortunately at a less distinguished place."

"What was that?"

"Paris!"

"Oh, indeed! I've never been abroad; I don't think persons of a certain rank should leave England; they should stay at home and encourage their own manufactories."

"Ah!" cried I, taking hold of Lady Babbleton's shawl, "what a pretty Manchester pattern this is."

"Manchester pattern!" exclaimed the petrified peeress; "why it is real cachemere: you don't think I wear any thing English, Mr. Pelham?"

"I beg your ladyship ten thousand pardons. I am no judge of dress; but to return—I am quite of your opinion, *that we ought to encourage our own manufactories*, and not go abroad: but one cannot stay long on the Continent, even if one is decoyed there. One soon longs for home again."

"Very sensibly remarked," rejoined Lady Babbleton: "that's what I call true patriotism, and morality. I wish all the young men of the present day were like you. Oh, dear!—here's a great

favourite of mine coming this way—Mr. Ritson! —do you know him? shall I introduce you?"

"God forbid!" exclaimed I—frightened out of my wits, and my manners. "Come, Lady Harriett, let us rejoin Sir Lionel;" and, "swift at the word," Lady Harriett retook my arm, nodded her adieu to Lady Babbleton, and withdrew with me to an obscurer part of the room.

Here we gave way to our laughter for some time, till, at last, getting weary of the Cheltenham Cleopatra, I reminded Lady Harriett of her promise, to name to me the various personages of the assemblage.

"*Eh bien*," began Lady Harriett; "*d'abord*, you observe that very short person, somewhat more than inclined to *embonpoint*?"

"What, that thing like a Chinese tumbler—that peg of old clothes—that one-foot square of mortality, with an aquatic-volucrine face, like a spoonbill?"

"The very same," said Lady Harriett, laugh-

ing; "she is a Lady Gander. She professes to be a patroness of literature, and holds weekly *soirées* in London, for all the newspaper poets. She also falls in love every year, and then she employs her minstrels to write sonnets: her son has a most filial tenderness for a jointure of 10,000*l.* a year, which she casts away on these feasts and follies; and, in order to obtain it, declares the good lady to be insane. Half of her friends he has bribed, or persuaded, to be of his opinion; the other half stoutly maintain her rationality; and, in fact, she herself is divided in her own opinion as to the case; for she is in the habit of drinking to a most unsentimental excess, and when the fit of intoxication is upon her, she confesses to the charge brought against her—supplicates for mercy and brandy, and totters to bed with the air of a Magdalene; but when she recovers the next morning, the whole scene is changed; she is an injured woman, a persecuted saint, a female Sophocles—declared to be mad only because she is a miracle. Poor Harry Darlington called upon her in town,

the other day; he found her sitting in a large chair, and surrounded by a whole host of hangers on, who were disputing by no means *sotto voce*, whether Lady Gander was mad or not; Henry was immediately appealed to:—"Now, is not this a proof of insanity?" said one.—"Is not this a mark of *compos mentis?*" cried another. "I appeal to you, Mr. Darlington," exclaimed all. Meanwhile the object of the conversation sate in a state of maudlin insensibility, turning her head, first on one side, and then on the other; and nodding to all the disputants, as if agreeing with each. But enough of her. Do you observe that lady in——"

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed I, starting up, "is that—can that be Tyrrell?"

"What's the matter with the man?" cried Lady Harriett.

I quickly recovered my presence of mind, and reseated myself; "Pray forgive me, Lady Harriett," said I; "but I think, nay, I am sure, I see a person I once met under very particular circumstances. Do you observe that dark man in deep

mourning, who has just entered the room, and is now speaking to Sir Ralph Rumford?"

"I do, it is Sir John Tyrrell!" replied Lady Harriett: "he only came to Cheltenham yesterday. His is a very singular history."

"What is it?" said I, eagerly.

"Why! he was the only son of a younger branch of the Tyrrells; a very old family, as the name denotes. He was a great deal in a certain *roué* set, for some years, and was celebrated for his *affaires du cœur*. His fortune was, however, perfectly unable to satisfy his expenses; he took to gambling, and lost the remains of his property. He went abroad, and used to be seen at the low gaming houses at Paris, earning a very degraded and precarious subsistence; till about three months ago, two persons, who stood between him and the title and estates of the family died, and most unexpectedly he succeeded to both. They say that he was found in the most utter penury and distress, in a small cellar at Paris; however that be, he is now Sir John Tyrrell, with a very

large income, and in spite of a certain coarseness of manner, probably acquired by the low company he latterly kept, he is very much liked, and even admired by the few good people in the society of Cheltenham."

At this instant, Tyrrell passed us; he caught my eye, stopped short, and coloured violently. I bowed; he seemed undecided for a moment as to the course he should adopt; it was *but* for a moment. He returned my salutation with great appearance of cordiality; shook me warmly by the hand; expressed himself delighted to meet me; inquired where I was staying, and said he should certainly call upon me. With this promise he glided on, and was soon lost among the crowd.

"Where did you meet him?" said Lady Harriett.

"At Paris!"

"What! was he in decent society there?"

"I don't know," said I. "Good night, Lady

Harriett;" and, with an air of extreme lassitude, I took my hat, and vanished from that motley mixture of the *fashionably* low and the vulgarly *genteel!*

## CHAPTER IV.

——Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard, and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath unto bondage
Drawn my too diligent eyes.

But you, oh! you,
So perfect and so peerless, are cre[illegible]
Of every creature's best.

SHAKSPEARE.

THOU wilt easily conceive, my dear reader, who hast been in my confidence throughout the whole of this history, and whom, though, as yet, thou hast cause to esteem me but lightly, I already love as my familiar and my friend—thou wilt easily conceive my surprise at meeting so unexpectedly with my old hero of the gambling house. I felt indeed perfectly stunned at the shock of so singular a change in his circumstances since I had last met him. My thoughts reverted immediately to

that scene, and to the mysterious connection between Tyrrell and Glanville. How would the latter receive the intelligence of his enemy's good fortune? was his vengeance yet satisfied, or through what means could it now find vent?

A thousand thoughts similar to these occupied and distracted my attention till morning, when I had Bedos into the room to read me to sleep. He opened a play of Monsieur Delarignés, and at the beginning of the second scene I was in the land of dreams.

I woke about two o'clock; dressed, sipped my chocolate, and was on the point of arranging my hat to the best advantage, when I received the following note:

"My dear Pelham,

"*Me tibi commendo.* I heard this morning, at your hotel, that you were here; my heart was a house of joy at the intelligence. I called upon you two hours ago; but, like Antony, 'you revel long o' nights.' Ah, that I could add with

Shakspeare, that you were 'notwithstanding up.' I have just come from Paris, that *umbilicus terræ*, and my adventures since I saw you, for your private satisfaction, 'because I love you, I will let you know;' but you must satisfy me with a meeting. Till you do, 'the mighty gods defend you!'

"VINCENT."

The hotel from which Vincent dated this epistle, was in the same street as my own caravansera, and to this hotel I immediately set off. I found my friend sitting before a huge folio, which he in vain endeavoured to persuade me that he seriously intended to read. We greeted each other with the greatest cordiality.

"But, how," said Vincent, after the first warmth of welcome had subsided, "how shall I congratulate you upon your new honours? I was not prepared to find you grown from a *roué* into a senator.

"'In gathering votes you were not slack,
Now stand as tightly by your tack,
Ne'er show your lug an' fidge your back,
An' hum an' haw,
But raise your arm, an' tell your crack
Before them a'.'"

So saith Burns, advice, the which being interpreted—meaneth, that you must astonish the rats of St. Stephen's."

"Alas!" said I, "all one's clap-traps in that house must be baited."

"Nay, but a rat bites at any cheese, from Gloucester to Parmesan, and you can easily scrape up a bit of some sort. Talking of the House, do you see, by the paper, that the civic senator, Alderman W——, is at Cheltenham?"

"I was not aware of it. I suppose he's cramming speeches and turtle for the next season."

"How wonderfully," said Vincent, "your city dignities unloose the tongue: directly a man has been a mayor, he thinks himself qualified for a Tully at least. Faith, Venables asked me one day, what was the Latin for spouting? and I

told him, '*hippomanes*, or a raging humour in *mayors*.'"

After I had paid, through the medium of my risible muscles, due homage to this witticism of Vincent's, he shut up his folio, called for his hat, and we sauntered down into the street. As we passed by one of the libraries, a whole mob of the dandies of the last night, were lounging about the benches placed before the shop windows.

"Pray, Vincent," said I, "remark those worthies, and especially that tall meagre youth in the blue frock-coat, and the buff waistcoat; he is Mr. Ritson, the *De Rous* (viz. the finished gentleman) of the place."

"I see him," answered Vincent. "He seems a most happy mixture of native coarseness and artificial decoration. He puts me in mind of the picture of the great ox, set in a gilt frame."

"Or a made dish in Bloomsbury Square, garnished with cut carrots, by way of adornment," said I.

"Or a flannel petticoat, with a fine crape over it," added Vincent. "Well, well, these imitators

are, after all, not worse than the originals. When do you go up to town?"

"Not till my senatorial duties require me."

"Do you stay here till then?"

"As it pleases the gods. But, good Heavens, Vincent, what a beautiful girl!"

Vincent turned. "*O Dea certè*," murmured he, and stopped.

The object of our exclamations was standing by a corner shop, apparently waiting for some one within. Her face, at the moment I first saw her, was turned full towards me. Never had I seen any countenance half so lovely. She was apparently about twenty, her hair was of the richest chesnut, and a golden light played through its darkness, as if a sunbeam had been caught in those luxuriant tresses, and was striving in vain to escape. Her eyes were of a light hazel, large, deep, and *shaded into softness* (to use a modern expression), by long and very dark lashes. Her complexion alone would have rendered her beautiful, it was so clear—so pure; the blood blushed

beneath it, like roses under a clear stream; if, in order to justify my simile, roses would have the complacency to grow in such a situation. Her nose was of that fine and accurate mould that one so seldom sees, except in the Grecian statues, which unites the clearest and most decided outline with the most feminine delicacy and softness, and the short curved arch which descended from thence to her mouth, was so fine—so *airily* and exquisitely formed, that it seemed as if Love himself had modelled the bridge which led to his most beautiful and fragrant island. On the right side of the mouth was one dimple, that corresponded so exactly with every smile and movement of those rosy lips, that you might have sworn the shadow of each passed there; it was like the rapid changes of an April heaven reflected upon a valley. She was somewhat, but not much taller than the ordinary height; and her figure, which united all the first freshness and youth of the girl, with the more luxuriant graces of the woman, was rounded and finished so justly—so *minutely*, that the eye could

glance over the whole, without discovering the least harshness, or unevenness, or atom, to be added or subtracted. But over all these was a light, a glow, a pervading spirit, of which it is impossible to convey the faintest idea. You should have seen her by the side of a shaded fountain on a summer's day. You should have watched her amidst music and flowers—and she might have seemed to you like the fairy that presided over both. So much for poetical description.

"What think you of her, Vincent?" said I.

"I say, with Theocritus, in his epithalamium of Helen——"

"Say no such thing," said I: "I will not have her presence profaned by any helps from your memory."

At that moment the girl turned round abruptly, and re-entered the shop, at the door of which she had been standing. It was a small perfumer's shop. "Thank Heaven," said I, "that she *does* use perfumes. What scents can she now be hesitating between?—the gentle *bouquet du roi*, the

cooling *esprit de Portugal*, the mingled treasures *des millefleurs*, the less distinct but agreeably adulterated *miel*, the sweet May-recalling *esprit des violets*, or the——"

"*Omnis copia narium*," said Vincent; "let us enter, I want some *eau de Cologne*."

I desired no second invitation; we marched into the shop; my Armida was leaning on the arm of an old lady. She blushed deeply when she saw us enter, and, as ill luck would have it, the old lady concluded her purchases the moment after, and they withdrew.

> "'Who had thought this clime had held,
> A deity so unparallel'd!'"

justly observed my companion.

I made no reply. All the remainder of that day I was absent and reserved; and Vincent, perceiving that I no longer laughed at his jokes, nor smiled at his quotations, told me I was sadly changed for the worse, and pretended an engagement, to rid himself of an auditor so obtuse.

## CHAPTER V.

Tout notre mal vient de ne pouvoir être seuls; de là le jeu, le luxe, la dissipation, le vin, les femmes, l'ignorance, la médisance, l'envie, l'oubli de soi-même et de Dieu.

LA BRUYERE.

THE next day I resolved to call upon Tyrrell, seeing that he had not yet kept his promise of anticipating me, and being very desirous not to lose any opportunity of improving my acquaintance with him; accordingly, I sent my valet to make inquiries as to his abode. I found that he lodged in the same hotel as myself; and having previously ascertained that he was at home, I made up my features into their most winning expression, and was ushered by the head waiter into the gamester's apartment.

He was sitting by the fire in a listless, yet thoughtful attitude. His muscular and rather handsome person was inducted in a dressing-gown of rich brocade, thrown on with a slovenly *nonchalance*. His stockings were about his heels, his hair was dishevelled, and the light streaming through the half-drawn window-curtains, rested upon the grey flakes with which its darker luxuriance was interspersed, and the cross light in which he had the imprudence or misfortune to sit (odious cross light, which even *I* already begin carefully to avoid), fully developed the deep wrinkles which years and dissipation had planted round his eyes and mouth. I was quite startled at the *oldness* and haggardness of his appearance.

He rose with great grace when I was announced; and no sooner had the waiter retired, than he came up to me, shook me warmly by the hand, and said, "Let me thank you *now* for the attention you formerly shewed me, when I was less able to express my acknowledgments. I shall be proud to cultivate your intimacy."

I answered him in the same strain, and in the course of conversation, made myself so entertaining, that he agreed to spend the remainder of the day with me. We ordered our horses at three, and our dinner at seven, and I left him till the former were ready, in order to allow him time for his toilet.

During our ride we talked principally on general subjects, on the various differences of France and England, on horses, on wines, on women, on politics, on all things, except that which had created our acquaintance. His remarks were those of a strong, ill-regulated mind, which had made experience supply the place of the reasoning faculties; there was a looseness in his sentiments, and a licentiousness in his opinions, which startled even me (used as I had been to rakes of all schools); his philosophy was of that species which thinks that the best maxim of wisdom is—to despise. Of men he spoke with the bitterness of hatred; of women, with the levity of contempt. France had taught

him its debaucheries, but not the elegance which refines them: if his sentiments were low, the language in which they were clothed, was meaner still; and that which makes the morality of the upper classes, and which no criminal is supposed to be hardy enough to reject; that religion which has no scoffers, that code which has no impugners, *that honour* among gentlemen, which constitutes the moving principle of the society in which they live, he seemed to imagine, even in its most fundamental laws, was an authority to which nothing but the inexperience of the young, and the credulity of the romantic, could accede.

Upon the whole, he seemed to me a "bold, bad man," with just enough of intellect to teach him to be a villain, without that higher degree which shews him that it is the worst course for his interest; and just enough of daring to make him indifferent to the dangers of guilt, though it was not sufficient to make him conquer and control them. For the rest, he loved trotting better than

cantering—piqued himself upon being manly—wore doe-skin gloves—drank port wine, *par préférence*, and considered beef-steaks and oysters as the most delicate dish in the whole *carte*. I think, now, reader, you have a tolerably good view of his character.

After dinner, when we were discussing the second bottle, I thought it would not be a bad opportunity to question him upon his acquaintance with Glanville. His countenance fell directly I mentioned that name. However, he rallied himself. "Oh," said he, "you mean the *soi-disant* Warburton. I knew him some years back—he was a poor silly youth, half mad, I believe, and particularly hostile to me, owing to some foolish disagreement when he was quite a boy."

"What was the cause?" said I.

"Nothing—nothing of any consequence," answered Tyrrell; and then added, with an air of coxcombry, "I believe I was more fortunate than he, in an *affaire du cœur*. Poor Glanville is a little

romantic you know. But enough of this now: shall we go to the rooms?"

"With pleasure," said I; and to the rooms we went.

## CHAP. VI.

——— Veteres revocavit artes.

HORACE.

Since I came hither I have heard strange news.

*King Lear.*

Two days after my long conversation with Tyrrell, I called again upon that worthy. To my great surprise he had left Cheltenham. I then strolled to Vincent: I found him lolling on his sofa, surrounded, as usual, with books and papers.

"Come in, Pelham," said he, as I hesitated at the threshold—"come in; I have been delighting myself with Plato all the morning; I scarcely know what it is that enchants us so much with the ancients. I rather believe, with Schlegel, that it is that air of perfect repose—the stillness of a deep

soul, which rests over their writings. Whatever would appear common-place amongst us, has with them I know not what of sublimity and pathos. Triteness seems the profundity of truth—wildness the daring of a luxuriant imagination. The fact is, that in spite of every fault, you see through all the traces of original thought; there is a contemplative grandeur in their sentiments, which seems to have nothing borrowed in its meaning or its dress. Take, for instance, this fragment of Mimnermus, on the shortness of life,—what subject can seem more tame?—what less striking than the feelings he expresses?—and yet, throughout every line, there is a melancholy depth and tenderness, which it is impossible to define. Of all English writers who partake the most of this spirit of conveying interest and strength to sentiments, subjects, and language, neither novel in themselves, nor adorned in their arrangement, I know none that equal Byron; it is indeed the chief beauty of that extraordinary poet. Examine Childe Harold accurately, and you will be surprised to discover how very little

of real depth or novelty there often is in the reflections which seem most deep and new. You are enchained by the vague but powerful beauty of the style; the strong impress of originality which breathes throughout. Like the oracle of Dodona, he makes the forest his tablets, and writes his inspirations upon the leaves of the trees; but the source of that inspiration you cannot tell; it is neither the truth nor the beauty of his sayings which you admire, though you fancy that it is: it is the mystery which accompanies them."

"Pray," said I, stretching myself listlessly on the opposite sofa to Vincent, "do you not imagine that one great cause of this spirit of which you speak, and which seems to *be nothing more than a thoughtful method of expressing all things, even to trifles*, was the great loneliness to which the antient poets and philosophers were attached? I think (though I have not your talent for quoting) that Cicero calls the *consideratio naturæ*, the *pabulum animi*; and the mind which, in solitude, is confined necessarily to a few objects, meditates more

closely upon those it embraces: the habit of this meditation enters and pervades the system, and whatever afterwards emanates from it, is tinctured with the thoughtful and contemplative colours it has received."

"*Heus Domine!*" cried Vincent, "how long have you learnt to read Cicero, and talk about the mind."

"Ah," said I, "I am perhaps less ignorant than I affect to be: it is *now* my object to be a dandy; hereafter I may aspire to be an orator—a wit, a scholar, or a Vincent. You will see then that there have been many odd quarters of an hour in my life less unprofitably wasted than you imagine."

Vincent rose in a sort of nervous excitement, and then reseating himself, fixed his dark bright eyes steadfastly upon me for some moments; his countenance all the while assuming a higher and graver expression than I had ever before seen it wear.

Pelham," said he, at last, "it is for the sake of

moments like these, when your better nature flashes out, that I have sought your society and your friendship. *I*, too, am not wholly what I appear: the world may yet see that Halifax was not the only statesman whom the pursuits of literature had only formed the better for the labours of business. Meanwhile, let me pass for the pedant, and the bookworm: like a sturdier adventurer than myself, 'I bide my time.'—Pelham—this will be a busy session! shall you prepare for it?"

"Nay," answered I, relapsing into my usual tone of languid affectation; "I shall have too much to do in attending to Stultz, and Nugee, and Tattersall's, and Baxter's, and a hundred other occupiers of spare time. Remember, this is my first season in London since my majority."

Vincent took up the newspaper with evident chagrin; however, he was too theoretically the man of the world, long to shew his displeasure. "Parr—Parr—again," said he; "how they stuff the journals with that name. God knows, I venerate learning as much as any man; but I respect it

for its uses, and not for itself. However, I will not quarrel with his reputation—it is but for a day. Literary men, who leave nothing but their name to posterity, have but a short twilight of posthumous renown. *Apropos*, do you know my pun upon Parr and the Major!"

"Not I," said I, "*Majora* canamus!"

"Why, Parr and I, and two or three more were dining once at poor T. M——'s, the author of Indian Antiquities. Major ——, a great traveller, entered into a dispute with Parr about Babylon; the Doctor got into a violent passion, and poured out such a heap of quotations on his unfortunate antagonist, that the latter, stunned by the clamour, and terrified by the Greek, was obliged to succumb. Parr turned triumphantly to me: "What is your opinion, my lord," said he; "who is in the right?"

"*Adversis* MAJOR—PAR *secundis*," answered I.

"Vincent," I said, after I had expressed sufficient admiration at his pun—"Vincent, I begin to be aweary of this life; I shall accordingly pack

up my books and myself, and go to Malvern Wells, to live quietly till I think it time for London. After to-day, you will therefore see me no more."

"I cannot," answered Vincent, "contravene so laudable a purpose, however I may be the loser." And after a short and desultory conversation, I left him once more to the tranquil enjoyment of his Plato. That evening I went to Malvern, and there I remained in a monotonous state of existence, dividing my time equally between my mind and my body, and forming myself into that state of contemplative reflection, which was the object of Vincent's admiration in the writings of the ancients.

Just when I was on the point of leaving my retreat, I received an intelligence which most materially affected my future prospects. My uncle, who had arrived to the sober age of fifty, without any apparent designs of matrimony, fell suddenly in love with a lady in his immediate neighbourhood, and married her, after a courtship of three weeks.

"I should not," said my poor mother, very generously, in a subsequent letter, "so much have minded his marriage, if the lady had not thought proper to become in the family way; a thing which I do and always shall consider, a most unwarrantable encroachment on your rights."

I will confess that, on first hearing this news, I experienced a bitter pang; but I reasoned it away. I was already under great obligations to my uncle, and I felt it a very unjust and ungracious assumption on my part, to affect anger at conduct I had no right to question, or mortification at the loss of pretensions I had so equivocal a privilege to form. A man of fifty has, *perhaps*, a right to consult his own happiness, almost as much as a man of thirty; and if he attracts by his choice the ridicule of those whom he has never obliged, it is at least from those persons he *has* obliged, that he is to look for countenance and defence.

Fraught with these ideas, I wrote to my uncle a sincere and warm letter of congratulation. His

answer was, like himself, kind, affectionate, and generous; it informed me that he had already made over to me the annual sum of one thousand pounds; and that in case of his having a lineal heir, he had, moreover, settled upon me, after his death, two thousand a-year. He ended by assuring me, that his only regret at marrying a lady whom, in *all* respects, was above *all* women, calculated to make him happy, was his unfeigned reluctance to deprive me of a station, which (he was pleased to say), I not only deserved, but should adorn.

Upon receiving this letter, I was sensibly affected with my uncle's kindness; and so far from repining at his choice, I most heartily wished him every blessing it could afford him, even though an heir to the titles of Glenmorris were one of them.

I protracted my stay at Malvern some weeks longer than I had intended; the circumstance which had wrought so great a change in my fortune, wrought no less powerfully on my character. I became more thoughtfully and solidly ambitious.

Instead of wasting my time in idle regrets at the station I had lost, I rather resolved to carve out for myself one still loftier and more universally acknowledged. I determined to exercise, to their utmost, the little ability and knowledge I possessed; and while the increase of income, derived from my uncle's generosity, furnished me with what was necessary for my luxury, I was resolved that it should not encourage me in the indulgence of my indolence.

In this mood and these intentions, I repaired to the metropolis.

## CHAPTER VII.

Cum pulchris tunicis sumet nova consilia et spes.
HOR.

And look always that they be shape,
What garment that thou shalt make
Of him that can best do
With all that pertaineth thereto.
*Rom. of the Rose.*

How well I can remember the feelings with which I entered London, and took possession of the apartments prepared for me at Mivart's. A year had made a vast alteration in my mind; I had ceased to regard pleasure for its own sake, I rather coveted its enjoyments, as the great sources of worldly distinction. I was not the less a coxcomb than heretofore, nor the less a voluptuary, nor the less choice in my perfumes, nor the less fastidious in my horses and my dress; but I

viewed these matters in a light, wholly different from that in which I had hitherto regarded them. Beneath all the carelessness of my exterior, my mind was close, keen, and inquiring; and under the affectations of foppery, and the levity of a manner almost *unique*, for the effeminacy of its tone, I veiled an ambition the most extensive in its object, and a resolution the most daring in the accomplishment of its means.

I was still lounging over my breakfast, on the second morning of my arrival, when Mr. N——, the tailor, was announced.

"Good morning, Mr. Pelham; happy to see you returned. Do I disturb you too early; shall I wait on you again?"

"No, Mr. N——, I am ready to receive you; you may renew my measure."

"We are a very good figure, Mr. Pelham; very good figure," replied the Schneider; surveying me from head to foot, while he was preparing his measure; "we want a little assistance though; we must be padded well here; we must have our

chest thrown out, and have an additional inch across the shoulders; we must live for effect in this world, Mr. Pelham; a *leetle* tighter round the waist, eh!"

"Mr. N——," said I, "you will take, first, my exact measure, and, secondly, my exact instructions. Have you done the first?"

"We are done now, Mr. Pelham," replied my *man-maker*, in a slow, solemn tone.

"You will have the goodness then to put no stuffing of any description in my coat; you will *not* pinch me an iota tighter across the waist, than is natural to that part of my body, and you will please, in your infinite mercy, to leave me as much after the fashion in which God made me, as you possibly can."

"But, Sir, we *must* be padded; we are much too thin; all the gentlemen in the Life Guards are padded, Sir."

"Mr. N——," answered I, "you will please to speak of *us*, with a separate, and not a collective pronoun; and you will let me for once have my

clothes such as a gentleman, who, I beg of you to understand, is not a life guardsman, can wear without being mistaken for a Guy Fawkes on a fifth of November."

Mr. N—— looked very discomfited: "We shall not be liked, Sir, when we are made—we shan't, I assure you. I will call on Saturday at 11 o'clock. Good morning, Mr. Pelham; we shall never be done justice to, if we do not live for effect; good morning, Mr. Pelham."

Scarcely had Mr. N—— retired, before Mr. ——, his rival, appeared. The silence and austerity of this importation from Austria, was very refreshing after the orations of Mr. N——.

"Two frock-coats, Mr. ——," said I, "one of them brown, velvet collar same colour; the other, dark grey, no stuffing, and finished by Wednesday. Good morning, Mr. ——"

"*Monsieur B——, un autre tailleur,*" said Bedos, opening the door after Mr. S.'s departure.

"Admit him," said I, "now for the most difficult article of dress—the waistcoat."

And here, as I am wearied of speaking of tailors, let us reflect a little upon their works. In the first place, I deem it the supreme excellence of coats, not to be *too* well made; they should have nothing of the triangle about them; at the same time, wrinkles behind should be carefully avoided; the coat should fit exactly, though without effort; I hold it as a decisive opinion, that this can never be the case where any padding, (beyond one thin sheet of buckram, placed smoothly under the shoulders, and sloping gradually away towards the chest,) is admitted. The collar is a very important point, to which too much attention cannot be given. I think I would lay down, as a general rule, (of course dependant on the mode,) that it should be rather low behind, broad, short, and slightly rolled. The tail of the coat must on no account be broad or square, unless the figure be much too thin;—no license of fashion can allow a man of delicate taste to adopt, and imitate the posterial luxuriance of a Hottentot. On the contrary, I would lean to the other extreme, and think myself safe in a swallow

tail. With respect to the length allotted to the waist, I can give no better rule than always to adopt that proportion granted us by nature. The *gigot* sleeve is an abominable fashion; any thing tight across the wrist is ungraceful to the last degree; moreover such tightness does not suffer the wristband to lie smooth and unwrinkled, and has the effect of giving a large and clumsy appearance to the hand.

Speaking of the hand, I would observe, that it should never be utterly *ringless*, but whatever ornament of that description it does wear, should be distinguished by a remarkable fastidiousness of taste. I know nothing in which the good sense of a gentleman is more finely developed than in his rings; for my part, I carefully eschew all mourning rings, all hoops of *embossed* gold, all diamonds, and *very* precious stones, and all antiques, unless they are peculiarly fine. One may never be ashamed of a seal ring, nor of a very plain gold one, like that worn by married women; rings should in general be simple, but singular, and bear

the semblance of a *gage d'amour*. One should never be supposed to buy a ring, unless it is a seal one.

Pardon this digression. One word now for the waistcoat; this, though apparently the least observable article in dress, is one which influences the whole appearance more than any one not profoundly versed in the habilatory art would suppose. Besides, it is the only main portion of our attire in which we have full opportunity for the display of a graceful and well cultivated taste. Of an evening, I am by no means averse to a very rich and ornate species of vest; but the extremest caution is necessary in the selection of the spot, the stripe, or the sprig, which forms the principal decoration—nothing tawdry—nothing common must be permitted; if you wear a fine waistcoat, and see another person with one resembling it, forthwith bestow it upon your valet. A white waistcoat with a black coat and trowsers, and a small chain of dead gold, only partially seen, is never within the bann of the learned in such matters; but beware,

oh, beware your linen, your neckloth, your collar, your frill, on the day in which you are tempted to the decent perpetration of a white waistcoat! All things depend upon *their* arrangement; in a black waistcoat, the sins of a tie, or the soils of a shirt-bosom, escape detection; with a white one, there is no hope. If, therefore, you are hurried in your toilet, or in a misanthropic humour at the moment of settling your cravat, let no inducement suffer you to wear a vesture which, were all else suitable, would be the most unexceptionable you could assume.

Times, by the bye, are greatly changed since Brummell interdicted white waistcoats *of a morning*. I do not know whether, during the heat of the season, you could induct yourself in a more gentle and courtly garment. The dress waistcoat should generally possess a rolling and open form, giving the fullest opening for the display of the shirt, which cannot be too curiously fine; if a frill is exquisitely washed, it is the most polished form in which your bosom appurtenances should be

moulded; if not—if, indeed, your own valet, or your mistress does not superintend their lavations, I would advise a simple plait of the plainest fashion.

With regard to the trowsers, be sure that you have them exceedingly tight across the hips; if you are well made, you may then leave their further disposition to Providence, until they reach the ankle. There you must pause, and consider well whether you will have them short, so as to develope the fineness of the *bas de soie,* or whether you will continue them so as to kiss your very shoe tie; in the latter form, which is indisputably the most graceful, you must be especially careful that they flow down, as it were, in an easy and loose (but, above all, not *baggy*) fall, and that the shoe-strings are arranged in the *dernier façon* of a bow and end. Of a morning, the trowsers cannot be too long or too easy, so that they avoid every *outré* and singular excess.

As to the choice of colours, in clothing, it is scarcely possible to fix any certain or definite rule.

Among all persons, there should be little variety of colour, either in the morning or the evening; but fair people, with good complexions, may, if their port and bearing be genuinely aristocratic, wear light or showy colours—a taste cautiously to be shunned by the dark, the pale, the meagre, and the suburban in mien.

For the rest, I cannot sufficiently impress upon your mind the most thoughtful consideration to the minutiæ of dress, such as the glove, the button, the boot, the shape of the hat, &c.; above all, the most scrupulous attention to cleanliness is an invariable sign of a polished and elegant taste, and is the very life and soul of the greatest of all sciences—the science of dress.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Tantôt, Monseigneur le Marquis à cheval—
Tantôt, Monsieur du Mazin de bout!

*L'Art de se Promener à Cheval.*

My cabriolet was at the door, and I was preparing to enter, when I saw a groom managing, with difficulty, a remarkably fine and spirited horse. As, at that time, I was chiefly occupied with the desire of making as perfect an equine collection as my fortune would allow, I sent my cab boy (*vulgo* Tiger) to inquire of the groom, whether it was to be sold, and to whom it belonged.

"It was not to be disposed of," was the answer, "and it belonged to Sir Reginald Glanville."

The name thrilled through me: I drove after the groom, and inquired Sir Reginald Glanville's address. His house, the groom (whose dark coloured livery was the very perfection of a right judgment) informed me, was at No. — Pall Mall. I resolved to call that day, but first I drove to Lady Roseville's, to talk about Almack's and the *beau monde*, and be initiated into the newest scandal and satire of the day.

Lady Roseville was at home; I found the room half full of women: the beautiful countess was one of the few persons now extant who admit people of a morning. She received me with marked kindness:—seeing that ————, who was esteemed, among his friends, the handsomest man of the day, had risen from his seat, next to Lady Roseville, in order to make room for me, I negligently and quietly dropped into it, and answered his grave and angry stare at my presumption, with my very sweetest and most condescending smile. Heaven be praised, the handsomest man of the day is never the chief object in the room, when Henry Pelham and his

dian angel, termed by his enemies, his *self-m*, once enter it.

Charming collection you have here, dear Lady ville," said I, looking round the room; "quite useum! But who is that very polite, gentle-like young man, who has so kindly relin-hed his seat to me,—though it quite grieves o take it from him?" added I, at the same leaning back, with a comfortable projection of feet, and establishing myself more securely in usurped chair. "*Pour l'amour de Dieu*, tell me *m dits* of the day. Good Heavens! what an ecoming glass that is! placed just opposite to too! could it not be removed while I stay ? Oh! by the by, Lady Roseville, do you onize the Bohemian glasses? For my part, iave one which I only look at when I am of humour; it throws such a lovely flush on the complexion, that it revives my spirits the rest of the day. Alas! Lady Roseville, am looking much paler than when I saw you Garrett Park; but *you—you* are like one of

those beautiful flowers, which bloom the brig
in the winter."

"Thank Heaven, Mr. Pelham," said 1
Roseville, laughing, "that you allow me at
to say one word. You have learned, at least,
art of making the *frais* of the conversation
your visit to Paris."

"I understand you," answered I; "you r
that I talk too much; it is true—I own
offence—nothing is so unpopular! Even I,
civilest, best natured, most unaffected perso
all Europe, am almost disliked, positively disli
for that sole and simple crime. Ah! the
beloved man in society is that deaf and d
person, *comment s'appelle-t-il!*"

At this moment an elderly gentleman, who
been lounging on a *chaise longue* near the wind
and who was the only person in the room inatt
tive to my display, called out,

"For God's sake come here! a poor man
certainly be thrown from his horse! Will nobc
help him?"

"That will I," I cried, starting up, and hastening to the window, all the groupe crowding after me. One glance was sufficient to show me, that the horse was the one of Glanville's I had so lately admired, and that his rider (the groom I had spoken to) was in the most imminent danger of being dashed to pieces. He was already half off his seat, with his head hanging down, and clinging to the mane and neck only by one hand. I sprang to the door, cleared the stairs at a bound, rushed through the hall door, and caught the enraged animal (whom no one else, of all the surrounding loiterers, dared approach), by the rein. The check, momentary as it was, gave the man, who had not lost all presence of mind, time to extricate himself from his situation, and the next instant I had sprung into the saddle. I found all my attention requisite to sooth my Bucephalus, who had recommenced kicking and plunging with redoubled vigour. There never was any situation of life in which I have lost the possession of myself. At first I was contented with bending

my limbs and body, with every motion of the horse; nor was it till after several minutes of intense exertion on his part, that I used any evident authority upon my own; ten minutes more sufficed to begin and complete my triumph. I dismounted at the door with my usual air of *nonchalance*, and giving the panting, but now tractable, animal to the groom, I re-entered the hall.

The "mob of gentlemen" and gentlewomen gathered round me as I sauntered into the drawing-room. Lady Roseville gave me a smile that weighed more with me than the compliments and congratulations of all the rest.

"Believe me," said I, escaping from them all, and throwing myself on a sofa in the next room, "riding is too severe an exercise for men, it is only fit for the robuster nerves of women. Will any gentleman present lend me his essence bottle?"

## CHAPTER IX.

> There was a youth who, as with toil and travel,
> Had grown quite weak and grey before his time;
> Nor any could the restless grief unravel,
> Which burned within him withering up his prime,
> And goading him, like fiends, from land to land.
>
> P. B. SHELLEY.

FROM Lady Roseville's I went to Glanville's house. He was at home. I was ushered into a beautiful apartment, hung with rich damask, and interspersed with a profusion of mirrors, which enchanted me to the heart: beyond, to the right of this room, was a small *boudoir*, fitted up with books, and having, instead of carpets, soft cushions of dark green velvet, so as to supersede the necessity of chairs. This room, evidently a favourite retreat, was adorned at close intervals with girandoles of silver and mother of pearl; and the inter-

stices of the book-cases were filled with mirrors, set in silver: the handles of the doors were of the same metal.

Beyond this library (if such it might be called), and only divided from it by half-drawn curtains of the same colour and material as the cushion, was a bath room. The decorations of this room were of a delicate rose colour; the bath, which was of the most elaborate workmanship, represented, in the whitest marble, a shell, supported by two Tritons. There was, as Glanville afterwards explained to me, a machine in this room, which kept up a faint but perpetual breeze, and the light curtains waving to and fro, scattered about perfumes of the most exquisite odour.

Through this luxurious chamber I was led, by the obsequious and bowing valet, into a fourth room, in which, opposite to a toilet of massive gold, and negligently robed in his dressing-gown, sate Reginald Glanville: — "Good Heavens," thought I, as I approached him, "can this be the man who made his residence *par choix*, in a miser-

able hovel, exposed to all the damps, winds, and vapours, that the prolific generosity of an English Heaven ever begot?"

Our meeting was cordial in the extreme: Glanville, though still pale and thin, appeared in much better health than I had yet seen him since our boyhood. He was, or affected to be, in the most joyous spirits; and when his dark blue eye lighted up, in answer to the merriment of his lips, and his noble and glorious cast of countenance shone out, as if it had never been clouded by grief or passion, I thought, as I looked at him, that I had never seen so perfect a specimen of masculine beauty, at once physical and intellectual.

"My dear Pelham," said Glanville, "let us see a great deal of each other: I live very much alone: I have an excellent cook sent me over from France, by the celebrated gourmand Maréchal de ——. I dine every day exactly at eight, and never accept an invitation to dine elsewhere. My table is always laid for three, and you will, therefore be sure of finding a dinner here every day you

have no better engagement;—what think you of my taste in furnishing?"

"I have only to say," answered I, "that since I am so often to dine with you, I hope your taste in wines will be one-half as good."

"We are all," said Glanville, with a faint smile, "we are all, in the words of the true old proverb—'children of a larger growth.' Our first toy is love—our second, display, according as our ambition prompts us to exert it. Some place it in horses—some in honours, some in feasts, and some—*voici un exemple*—in furniture. So true it is, Pelham, that our earliest longings are the purest: in love we covet goods for the sake of the one beloved: in display, for our own: thus, our first stratum of mind produces fruit for others: our second becomes niggardly, and bears only sufficient for ourselves. But enough of my morals—will you drive me out, if I dress quicker than you ever saw man dress before?"

"No," said I; "for I make it a rule never to

drive out a badly dressed friend; take time, and I will let you accompany me."

"Pelham, you are in a grievous error," said Glanville. "Men are like game, and are best dressed in a short time. Ask my cook if I am wrong. Do you ever read? if so, my books are made to be opened, and you may toss over them while I adorn."

"You are very good," said I, "but I never do read."

"Look—here," said Glanville, "are two works, one of poetry—one on the Catholic Question—both dedicated to me. Seymour—my waistcoat. See what it is to furnish a house differently from other people; one becomes a *bel esprit*, and a Mæcenas, immediately. Believe me, if you are rich enough to afford it, that there is no passport to fame like eccentricity. Seymour—my coat. I am at your service, Pelham. Say, did I not tell you rightly that one might dress well in a short time?"

"You did," said I: "*one* may do it, but not *two—allons!*"

I observed that Glanville was dressed in the deepest mourning, and imagined, from that circumstance, and his accession to the title I heard applied to him for the first time, that his father was only just dead. Of this opinion I was soon undeceived. He had been dead for some years. Glanville spoke to me of his family:—"To my mother," said he, "I am particularly anxious to introduce you—of my sister, I say nothing; I expect you to be surprised with her. I love her more than any thing on earth *now*," and as Glanville said this, a paler shade passed over his face.

We were in the Park—Lady Roseville passed us—we both bowed to her; as she returned our greeting, I was struck with the deep and sudden blush which overspread her countenance. "Can that be for *me?*" thought I. I looked towards Glanville, his countenance had recovered its serenity, and was settled into its usual proud, but not displeasing, calmness of expression.

"Do you know Lady Roseville well?" said I.

"Very," answered Glanville, laconically, and

changed the conversation. As we were leaving the Park, through Cumberland Gate, we were stopped by a blockade of carriages; a voice, loud, harsh, and vulgarly *accented*, called out to Glanville by his name. I turned, and saw Thornton.

"For God's sake, Pelham, drive on," cried Glanville; "let me, for once, escape that atrocious plebeian."

Thornton was crossing the road towards us; I waved my hand to him civilly enough (for I never cut any body), and drove rapidly through the other gate, without appearing to notice his design of speaking to us.

"Thank Heaven!" said Glanville, and sunk back in a reverie from which I could not awaken him, till he was set down at his own door.

When I returned to Mivart's, I found a card from Lord Dawton, and a letter from my mother.

"My Dear Henry, (began the letter)

"Lord Dawton having kindly promised to call upon you, personally, with this note, I cannot

resist the opportunity that promise affords me, of saying how desirous I am that you should cultivate his acquaintance. He is, you know, among the most prominent leaders of the opposition; and should the Whigs, by any possible chance, ever come into power, he would have a great chance of becoming prime minister. I trust, however, that you will not adopt that side of the question. The Whigs are a horrid set of people (*politically* speaking), vote for the Roman Catholics, and never get into place; they give very good dinners, however, and till you have decided upon your politics, you may as well make the most of them. I hope, by the by, that you see a great deal of Lord Vincent; every one speaks highly of his talents: and only two weeks ago, he said, publicly, that he thought you the most promising young man, and the most naturally clever person he had ever met. I hope that you will be attentive to your parliamentary duties; and, oh, Henry, be sure that you see Cartwright, the dentist, as soon as possible.

"I intend hastening to London three weeks earlier

than I had intended, in order to be useful to you. I have written already to dear Lady Roseville, begging her to *introduce* you at Lady C.'s, and Lady ——; the only places worth going to at present. They tell me there is a horrid vulgar, ignorant book come out, about ———. As you ought to be well versed in modern literature, I hope you will read it, and give me your opinion. Adieu, my dear Henry, ever your affectionate mother,

"FRANCES PELHAM."

I was still at my solitary dinner, when the following note was brought me from Lady Roseville:—

"DEAR MR. PELHAM,

"Lady Frances wishes Lady C—— to be made acquainted with you: this is her night, and I therefore enclose you a card. As I dine at —— House, I shall have an opportunity of making your *éloge* before your arrival. Your's sincerely,

"C. ROSEVILLE."

I wonder, thought I, as I made my toilet, whether or not Lady R. is enamoured with her new correspondent? I went very early, and before I retired, my vanity was undeceived. Lady Roseville was playing at *écarté*, when I entered. She beckoned to me to approach. I did. Her antagonist was Mr. Bedford, a natural son of the Duke of Shrewsbury, and one of the best natured and best looking dandies about town: there was, of course, a great crowd round the table. Lady Roseville played incomparably; bets were high in her favour. Suddenly her countenance changed—her hand trembled—her presence of mind forsook her. She lost the game. I looked up and saw just opposite to her, but apparently quite careless and unmoved, Reginald Glanville. We had only time to exchange nods, for Lady R. rose from the table, took my arm, and walked to the other end of the room, in order to introduce me to my hostess.

I spoke to her a few words, but she was absent and inattentive; my penetration required no far-

ther proof to convince me that she was not wholly insensible to the attentions of Glanville. Lady —— was as civil and silly as the generality of Lady Blanks are: and feeling very much bored, I soon retired to an obscurer corner of the room. Here Glanville joined me.

"It is but seldom," said he, "that I come to these places; to-night my sister persuaded me to venture forth."

"Is she here?" said I.

"She is," answered he; "she has just gone into the refreshment room with my mother, and when she returns, I will introduce you."

While Glanville was yet speaking, three middle-aged ladies, who had been talking together with great vehemence for the last ten minutes, approached us.

"Which is he?—which is he?" said two of them, in no inaudible accents.

"This," replied the third; and coming up to Glanville, she addressed him, to my great asto-

nishment, in terms of the most hyperbolical panegyric.

"Your work is wonderful! wonderful!" said she.

"Oh! quite—quite!" echoed the other two.

"I can't say," recommenced the *Coryphæa*, "that I like the moral—at least not quite; no, not quite."

"Not quite," repeated her coadjutrices.

Glanville drew himself up with his most stately air, and after three profound bows, accompanied by a smile of the most unequivocal contempt, he turned on his heel, and sauntered away.

"Did your grace *ever* see such a bear?" said one of the echoes.

"Never," said the duchess, with a mortified air; "but I will have him yet. How handsome he is for an author!"

I was descending the stairs in the last state of *ennui*, when Glanville laid his hand on my shoulder.

"Shall I take you home?" said he: "my carriage has just drawn up."

I was too glad to answer in the affirmative.

"How long have you been an author?" said I, when we were seated in Glanville's carriage.

"Not many days," he replied. "I have tried one resource after another—all—all in vain. Oh, God! that for me there *could* exist such a blessing as *fiction!* Must I be ever the martyr of one burning, lasting, indelible *truth!*"

Glanville uttered these words with a peculiar wildness and energy of tone: he then paused abruptly for a minute, and continued, with an altered voice—

"Never, my dear Pelham, be tempted by any inducement into the pleasing errors of print; from that moment you are public property; and the last monster at Exeter 'Change has more liberty than you; but here we are at Mivart's. *Addio*—I will call on you to-morrow, if my wretched state of health will allow me."

And with these words we parted.

## CHAPTER X.

Ambition is a lottery, where, however uneven the chances, there are *some* prizes; but in dissipation, *every one* draws a blank.

*Letters of Stephen Montague.*

THE season was not far advanced before I grew heartily tired of what are *nicknamed* its gaieties; I shrunk, by rapid degrees, into a very small orbit, from which I rarely moved. I had already established a certain reputation for eccentricity, coxcombry, and, to my great astonishment, also for talent; and my pride was satisfied with finding myself universally *recherché*, whilst I indulged my inclinations by rendering myself universally scarce. I saw much of Vincent, whose varied acquirements and great talents became more and more perceptible, both as my own acquaintance with him increased, and as the grand political events with

which that year was pregnant, called forth their exertion and display. I went occasionally to Lady Roseville's, and was always treated rather as a long known friend, than an ordinary acquaintance; nor did I undervalue this distinction, for it was part of her pride to render her house not only as splendid, but as agreeable, as her command over society enabled her to effect.

At the House of Commons my visits would have been duly paid, but for one trifling occurrence, upon which, as it is a very sore subject, I shall dwell as briefly as possibie. I had scarcely taken my seat, before I was forced to renounce it. My unsuccessful opponent, Mr. Lufton, preferred a petition against me, for what he called undue means. God knows what he meant; I am sure the House did not, for they turned me out, and declared Mr. Lufton duly elected.

Never was there such a commotion in the Glenmorris family before. My uncle was seized with the gout in his stomach, and my mother shut herself up with Tremaine, and one China monster, for

a whole week. As for me, though I writhed at heart, I bore the calamity philosophically enough in external appearance, nor did I the less busy myself in political matters; with what address and success, good or bad, I endeavoured to supply the loss of my parliamentary influence, the reader will see, when it suits the plot of this history to touch upon such topics.

Glanville I saw continually. When in tolerable spirits, he was an entertaining, though never a frank nor a communicative companion. His conversation then was lively, yet without wit, and sarcastic, though without bitterness. It abounded also in philosophical reflections and terse maxims, which always brought improvement, or, at the worst, allowed discussion. He was a man of even vast powers—of deep thought — of luxuriant, though dark imagination, and of great miscellaneous, though, perhaps, ill arranged erudition. He was fond of paradoxes in reasoning, and supported them with a subtlety and strength of mind, which Vincent, who admired him greatly, told me

he had never seen surpassed. He was subject, at times, to a gloom and despondency, which seemed almost like aberration of intellect. At those hours he would remain perfectly silent, and apparently forgetful of my presence, and of every object around him.

It was only then, when the play of his countenance was vanished, and his features were still and set, that you saw in their full extent, the dark and deep traces of premature decay. His cheek was hollow and hueless; his eye dim, and of that visionary and glassy aspect, which is never seen but in great mental or bodily disease, and which, according to the superstitions of some nations, implies a mysterious and unearthly communion of the soul with the beings of another world. From these trances he would sometimes start out abruptly, and renew any conversation broken off before, as if wholly unconscious of the length of his reverie. At others, he would rise slowly from his seat, and retire into his own apartment, from

which he never emerged during the rest of the day.

But the reader must bear in mind that there was nothing artificial or affected in his musings, of whatever complexion they might be. Nothing like the dramatic brown studies, and quick starts, which young gentlemen, in love with Lara and Lord Byron, are apt to practise. There never, indeed, was a character that possessed less cant of any description. His work, which was a singular, wild tale—of mingled passion and reflection—was, perhaps, of too original, certainly of too abstract a nature, to suit the ordinary novel readers of the day. It did not acquire popularity for itself, but it gained great reputation for the author. It also inspired every one who read it, with a vague and indescribable interest to see and know the person who had composed so singular a work.

This interest he was the first to laugh at, and to disappoint. He shrunk from all admiration, and from all sympathy. At the moment when a crowd assembled round him, and every ear was bent to

catch the words, which came alike from so beautiful a lip, and so strange and imaginative a mind, it was his pleasure to utter some sentiment totally different from his written opinion, and utterly destructive of the sensation he had excited. But it was very rarely that he exposed himself to these "trials of an author." He went out little to any other house but Lady Roseville's, and it was seldom more than once a week that he was seen even there. Lonely, and singular in mind and habits, he lived in the world like a person occupied by a separate object, and possessed of a separate existence, from that of his fellow beings. He was luxurious and splendid, beyond all men, in his habits, rather than his tastes. His table groaned beneath a weight of gold, too costly for the daily service even of a prince; but he had no pleasure in surveying it. His wines and viands were of the most exquisite description; but he scarcely tasted them. Yet, what may seem inconsistent, he was averse to all ostentation and show in the eyes of others. He admitted very few into his society—

no one so intimately as myself. I never once saw more than three persons at his table. He seemed, in his taste for furniture, in his love of literature, and his pursuit after fame, to be, as he himself said, eternally endeavouring to forget, and eternally brought back to remembrance.

"I pity that man even more than I admire him," said Vincent to me, one night when we were walking home from Glanville's house. "His is, indeed, the disease *nullâ medicabilis herbâ*. Whether it is the past or the present that afflicts him—whether it is the memory of past evil, or the satiety of present good, he has taken to his heart the bitterest philosophy of life. He does not reject its blessings—he gathers them around him, but as a stone gathers moss—cold, hard, unsoftened by the freshness and the greenness which surround it. As a circle can only touch a circle in one place, everything that life presents to him, wherever it comes from—to whatever portion of his soul it is applied—can find but one point of contact; and that is the soreness of affliction: whether it is the *oblivio* or the *otium* that he

requires, he finds equally that he is for ever in want of one treasure:—'*neque gemmis neque purpurâ venale nec auro.*'"

## CHAPTER XI.

*Mons. Jourdain.* Etes-vous fou de l'aller quereller lui qui entend la tierce et la quarte, et qui sait tuer un homme par raison démonstrative?

*Le Maitre a Danser.* Je me moque de sa raison démonstrative, et de sa tierce et de sa quarte.

MOLIERE.

"HOLLO, my good friend; how are you?—d——d glad to see you in England," vociferated a loud, clear, good-humoured voice, one cold morning, as I was shivering down Brook Street, into Bond Street. I turned, and beheld Lord Dartmore, of Rocher de Cancale memory. I returned his greeting with the same cordiality with which it was given; and I was forthwith saddled with Dartmore's arm, and dragged up Bond Street, into that borough of all noisy, *riotous*, unrefined, good fellows—yclept —— 's Hotel.

Here we were soon plunged into a small, low apartment, which Dartmore informed me was his room. It was crowded with a score of masculine looking youths, at whose very appearance my gentler frame shuddered from head to foot. However, I put as good a face on the matter as I possibly could, and affected a freedom and frankness of manner, correspondent with the unsophisticated tempers with which I was so unexpectedly brought into contact.

Dartmore was still gloriously redolent of Oxford: his companions were all extracts from Christchurch; and his favourite occupations were boxing and hunting—scenes at the Fives' Court—nights in the Cider Cellar—and mornings at Bow Street. Figure to yourself a fitter companion for the hero and writer of these adventures! The table was covered with boxing gloves, single sticks, two ponderous pair of dumb bells, a large pewter pot of porter, and four foils; one snapped in the middle.

"Well," cried Dartmore, to two strapping

youths, with their coats off, "which was the conqueror?"

"Oh, it is not yet decided," was the answer; and forthwith the bigger one hit the lesser a blow, with his boxing glove, heavy enough to have felled Ulysses, who, if I recollect aright, was rather '*a game blood*' in such encounters.

This slight salute was forthwith the prelude to an encounter, which the whole train crowded round to witness. I, among the rest, pretending an equal ardour, and an equal interest, and hiding, like many persons in a similar predica ment, a most trembling spirit beneath a most valorous exterior.

When the match (which terminated in favour of the lesser champion) was over, "Come, Pelham," said Dartmore, "let me take up the gloves with you?"

"You are too good!" said I, for the first time using my drawing-room drawl. A wink and a grin went round the room.

"Well, then, will you fence with Staunton, or

play at single sticks with me?" said the short, thick, bullying, impudent, vulgar Earl of Calton.

"Why," answered I, "I am a poor hand at the foils, and a still worse at the sticks; but I have no objection to exchange a cut or two at the latter with Lord Calton."

"No, no!" said the good-natured Dartmore;—"no, Calton is the best stick-player I ever knew;" and then, whispering me, he added, "and the hardest hitter—and he never spares, either."

"Really," said I aloud, in my most affected tone, "it is a great pity, for I am excessively delicate; but as I said I would engage him, I don't like to retract. Pray let me look at the hilt: I hope the basket is strong: I would not have my knuckles rapped for the world—now for it. I'm in a deuced fright, Dartmore;" and so saying, and inwardly chuckling at the universal pleasure depicted in the countenances of Calton and the by-standers, who were all rejoiced at the idea of the "dandy being drubbed," I took the stick, and pretended great

awkwardness, and lack of grace in the position I chose.

Calton placed himself in the most scientific attitude, assuming at the same time an air of *hauteur* and *nonchalance*, which seemed to call for the admiration it met.

"Do we make hard hitting?" said I.

"Oh! by all means," answered Calton, eagerly.

"Well," said I, settling on my own *chapeau*, "had not you better put on your hat?"

"Oh, no," answered Calton, imperiously; "I can take pretty good care of my head;" and with these words we commenced.

I remained at first nearly upright, not availing myself in the least of my superiority in height, and only acting on the defensive. Calton played well enough for a gentleman; but he was no match for one who had, at the age of thirteen, beat the Life Guardsmen at Angelo's. Suddenly, when I had excited a general laugh at the clumsy success with which I warded off a most rapid attack of Calton's, I changed my position, bent my limbs till I had

lowered my body to one half of its former height, and keeping Calton at arm's length till I had driven him towards a corner, I took advantage of a haughty imprudence on his part, and by a common enough move in the game, drew back from a stroke aimed at my limbs, and suffered the whole weight of my weapon to fall so heavily upon his head, that I felled him to the ground in an instant.

I was sorry for the severity of the stroke, the moment after it was inflicted; but never was punishment more deserved. We picked up the discomfited hero, and placed him on a chair to recover his senses; meanwhile I received the congratulations of the conclave with a frank alteration of manner which delighted them: and I found it impossible to get away, till I had promised to dine with Dartmore, and spend the rest of the evening in the society of his friends.

## CHAPTER XII.

——— Heroes mischievously gay,
Lords of the street, and terrors of the way,
Flush'd as they are with folly, youth, and wine.
JOHNSON'S *London.*

*Hol.* Novi hominem tanquam te—his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical.
SHAKSPEARE.

I WENT a little after seven o'clock to keep my dinner engagement at ——'s; for very young men are seldom unpunctual at dinner. We sat down, six in number, to a repast at once incredibly bad, and ridiculously extravagant; turtle without fat—venison without flavour—champagne with the taste of a gooseberry, and hock with the properties of a pomegranate.* Such is the constant habit of young men: they think any thing expensive is necessarily

* Pomum valde purgatorium.

good, and they purchase poison at a dearer rate than the most medicine-loving hypochondriac in England.

Of course, all the knot declared the dinner was superb; called in the master to eulogize him in person, and made him, to his infinite dismay, swallow a bumper of his own hock. Poor man, they mistook his reluctance for his diffidence, and forced him to wash it away in another potation. With many a wry face of grateful humility, he left the room, and we then proceeded to pass the bottle with the *suicidal* determination of defeated Romans. You may imagine that we were not long in arriving at the devoutly wished for consummation of comfortable inebriety; and with our eyes reeling, our cheeks burning, and our brave spirits full ripe for a quarrel, we sallied out at eleven o'clock, vowing death, dread, and destruction to all the sober portion of his majesty's subjects.

We came to a dead halt in Arlington-street, which, as it was the quietest spot in the neighbourhood, we deemed a fitting place for the arrange-

ment of our forces. Dartmore, Staunton, (a tall, thin, well formed, silly youth) and myself, marched first, and the remaining three followed. We gave each other the most judicious admonitions as to propriety of conduct, and then, with a shout that alarmed the whole street, we renewed our way. We passed on safely enough till we got to Charing Cross, having only been thrice upbraided by the watchmen, and once threatened by two carmen of prodigious size, to whose wives or sweethearts we had, to our infinite peril, made some gentle overtures. When, however, we had just passed the Opera Colonnade, we were accosted by a bevy of buxom Cyprians, as merry and as drunk as ourselves. We halted for a few minutes in the midst of the kennel, to confabulate with our new friends, and a very amicable and intellectual conversation ensued. Dartmore was an adept in the art of slang, and he found himself fairly matched, by more than one of the fair and gentle creatures by whom we were surrounded. Just, however, as we were all in high glee, Staunton made a trifling discovery, which

turned the merriment of the whole scene into strife, war, and confusion. A bouncing lass, whose hands were as ready as her charms, had quietly helped herself to a watch which Staunton wore, *à la mode*, in his waistcoat pocket. Drunken as the youth was at that time, and dull as he was at all others, he was not without the instinctive penetration with which all human bipeds watch over their individual goods and chattels. He sprung aside from the endearments of the syren, grasped her arm, and in a voice of querulous indignation, accused her of the theft.

> "Then rose the cry of women—shrill
> As shriek of gosshawk on the hill."

Never were my ears so stunned. The angry author in the Adventures of Gil Blas, were nothing to the disputants in the kennel at Charing Cross; we rowed, swore, slanged with a Christian meekness and forbearance, which would have rejoiced Mr. Wilberforce to the heart, and we were already preparing ourselves for a more

striking engagement, when we were most unwelcomely interrupted by the presence of three watchmen.

"Take away this—this—this d——d woman," hiccuped out Staunton, "she has sto—len—(hiccup)—my watch—(hiccup.)"

"No such thing, watchman," hallooed out the accused, "the b——— counter-skipper never *had* any watch; he only filched a twopenny-halfpenny gilt chain out of his master, Levi, the pawnbroker's window, and stuck it in his *eel-skin* to make a show: ye did, ye pitiful, lanky-chopped son of a dog-fish, ye did."

"Come, come," said the watchman, "move on, move on."

"You be d—d, for a Charley!" said one of our gang.

"Ho! ho! master jackanapes, I shall give you a cooling in the watch-house, if you tips us any of your jaw. I dare say the young *oman* here, is quite right about ye, and ye never had any watch at all, at all."

"You are a d——d liar," cried Staunton; "and you are all in with each other, like a pack of rogues as you are."

"I'll tell ye what, young gemman," said another watchman, who was a more potent, grave, and reverend senior than his comrades, "if you do not move on instantly, and let those decent young *omen* alone, I'll take you all up before Sir Richard."

"Charley, my boy," said Dartmore, "did you ever get thrashed for impertinence?"

The last mentioned watchman took upon himself the reply to this interrogatory by a very summary proceeding; he collared Dartmore, and his companions did the same kind office to us. This action was not committed with impunity: in an instant two of the moon's minions, staffs, lanthorns, and all, were measuring their length at the foot of their namesake of royal memory; the remaining Dogberry was, however, a tougher assailant; he held Staunton so firmly in his gripe, that the poor youth could scarcely breathe out a faint and feeble

d—— ye, of defiance, and with his disengaged hand he made such an admirable use of his rattle, that we were surrounded in a trice.

As when an ant-hill is invaded, from every quarter and crevice of the mound arise and pour out an angry host, of whose previous existence the unwary assailant had not dreamt, so from every lane, and alley, and street, and crossing, came fast and far the champions of the night.

"Gentlemen," said Dartmore, "we must fly—*sauve qui peut.*" We wanted no stronger admonition, and, accordingly, all of us who were able, set off with the utmost velocity with which God had gifted us. I have some faint recollection that I myself headed the flight. I remember well that I dashed *up* the Strand, and dashed *down* a singular little shed, from which emanated the steam of tea, and a sharp querulous scream of "All hot—all hot! a penny a pint." I see, now, by the dim light of retrospection, a vision of an old woman in the kennel, and a pewter pot of mysterious ingredients precipitated into a greengrocer's shop, "*te*

*virides inter lauros*," as Vincent would have said. On we went, faster and faster, as the rattle rung in our ears, and the tramp of the enemy echoed after us in hot pursuit.

"The *devil* take the hindmost," said Dartmore, breathlessly (as he kept up with me).

"The watchman has saved his majesty the trouble," answered I, looking back and seeing one of our friends in the clutch of the pursuers.

"On, on!" was Dartmore's only reply.

At last, after innumerable perils, and various immersements into back passages, and courts, and alleys, which, like the chicaneries of law, preserved and befriended us, in spite of all the efforts of justice, we fairly found ourselves in safety in the midst of a great square.

Here we paused, and after ascertaining our individual safeties, we looked round to ascertain the sum total of the general loss. Alas! we were wofully shorn of our beams—we were reduced one-half: only three out of the six survived the conflict and the flight.

"Half," (said the companion of Dartmore and myself, whose name was Tringle, and who was a dabbler in science, of which he was not a little vain) "half is less worthy than the whole; but the half is more worthy than nonentity."

"An axiom," said I, "not to be disputed; but now that we are safe, and have time to think about it, are you not slightly of opinion that we behaved somewhat scurvily to our better half, in leaving it so quietly in the hands of the Philistines?"

"By no means," answered Dartmore. "In a party, whose members make no pretensions to sobriety, it would be too hard to expect that persons who are scarcely capable of taking care of themselves, should take care of other people. No; we have, in all these exploits, only the one maxim of self-preservation."

"Allow me," said Tringle, seizing me by the coat, "to explain it to you on scientific principles. You will find, in hydrostatics, that the attraction of cohesion, is far less powerful in fluids than in solids; viz. that persons who have been

converting their 'solid flesh' into wine skins, cannot stick so close to one another as when they are sober."

"Bravo, Tringle!" cried Dartmore; "and now, Pelham, I hope your delicate scruples are, after so luminous an *éclaircissement*, set at rest for ever."

"You have convinced me," said I; "let us leave the unfortunates to their fate, and Sir Richard. What is now to be done?"

"Why, in the first place," answered Dartmore, "let us reconnoitre. Does any one know this spot?"

"Not I," said both of us. We inquired of an old fellow, who was tottering home under the same Bacchanalian auspices as ourselves, and found we were in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

"Shall we," asked I, "stroll home, or parade the streets, visit the Cider-Cellar, and the Finish, and kiss the first lass we meet in the morning bringing her charms and carrots to Covent Garden Market?"

"The latter," cried Dartmore and Tringle, "without doubt."

"Come, then," said I, "let us investigate Holborn, and dip into St. Giles's, and then find our way into some more known corner of the globe."

"Amen!" said Dartmore, and accordingly we renewed our march. We wound along a narrow lane, tolerably well known, I imagine, to the gentlemen of the quill, and entered Holborn. There was a beautiful still moon above us, which cast its light over a drowsy stand of hackney coaches, and shed a 'silver sadness' over the thin visages and sombre vestments of two guardians of the night, who regarded us, we thought, with a very ominous aspect of suspicion.

We strolled along, leisurely enough, till we were interrupted by a miserable-looking crowd, assembled round a dull, dingy, melancholy shop, from which gleamed a solitary candle, whose long, spinster-like wick was flirting away with an east wind, at a most unconscionable rate. Upon the haggard and worn countenances of the by-standers, was depicted one general and sympathizing expression of eager, envious, wistful anxiety, which predo-

minated so far over the various characters of each, as to communicate something of a likeness to all. It was an impress of such a seal as you might imagine the arch-fiend would have set upon each of his flock.

Amid this crowd, I recognized more than one face which I had often seen in my equestrian lounges through town, peering from the shoulders of some intrusive, ragamuffin, wagesless lackey, and squealing out of its wretched, unpampered mouth, the everlasting query of "*Want your oss held, Sir?*" The rest were made up of unfortunate women of the vilest and most ragged description, aged itinerants, with features seared with famine, bleared eyes, dropping jaws, shivering limbs, and all the mortal signs of hopeless and aidless, and, worst of all, breadless infirmity. Here and there an Irish accent broke out in the oaths of national impatience, and was answered by the shrill, broken voice of some decrepid but indefatigable votaress of pleasure—(*Pleasure!* good God!) but the chief character of the meeting was *silence;*—

silence, eager, heavy, engrossing; and, above them all, shone out the quiet moon, so calm, so holy, so breathing of still happiness and unpolluted glory, as if it never looked upon the traces of human passion, and misery, and sin. We stood for some moments contemplating the group before us, and then, following the steps of an old, withered crone, who, with a cracked cup in her hand, was pushing her way through the throng, we found ourselves in that dreary pandæmonium, at once the origin and the refuge of humble vices—*a Gin-shop.*

"Poor devils," said Dartmore, to two or three of the nearest and eagerest among the crowd, "come in, and I will treat you."

The invitation was received with a promptness which must have been the most gratifying compliment to the inviter; and thus Want, which is the mother of Invention, does not object, now and then, to a bantling by Politeness.

We stood by the counter while our *protégés* were served, in silent observation. In low vice, to me, there is always something too gloomy, almost

too *fearful* for light mirth; the contortions of the madman are stranger than those of the fool, but one does not laugh at them; the sympathy is for the effect—not the cause.

Leaning against the counter at one corner, and fixing his eyes deliberately and unmovingly upon us, was a man about the age of fifty, dressed in a costume of singular fashion, apparently pretending to an antiquity of taste, correspondent with that of the material. This person wore a large cocked-hat, set rather jauntily on one side,—a black coat, which seemed an *omnium gatherum* of all abominations that had come in its way for the last ten years, and which appeared to advance equal claims (from the manner it was made and worn), to the several dignities of the art military and civil, the *arma* and the *toga*:—from the neck of the wearer hung a blue ribbon of amazing breadth, and of a very surprising assumption of newness and splendour, by no means in harmony with the other parts of the *tout ensemble;* this was the guardian of an eye-glass of block tin, and of

dimensions correspondent with the size of the ribbon. Stuck under the right arm, and shaped fearfully like a sword, peeped out the hilt of a very large and sturdy looking stick, "in war a weapon, in peace a support."

The features of the man were in keeping with his garb; they betokened an equal mixture of the traces of poverty, and the assumption of the dignities reminiscent of a better day. Two small, light-blue eyes were shaded by bushy, and rather imperious brows, which lowered from under the hat, like Cerberus out of his den. These, at present, wore the dull, fixed stare of habitual intoxication, though we were not long in discovering that they had not yet forgotten to sparkle with all the quickness, and more than the roguery of youth. His nose was large, prominent, and aristocratic; nor would it have been ill formed, had not some unknown cause pushed it a little nearer towards the left ear, than would have been thought, by an equitable judge of beauty, fair to the pretensions of the right. The lines in the countenance were

marked as if in iron, and had the face been perfectly composed, must have given to it a remarkably stern and sinister appearance; but at that moment, there was an arch leer about the mouth, which softened, or at least altered, the expression the features habitually wore.

"Sir," said he, (after a few minutes of silence), "Sir," said he, approaching me, "will you do me the honour to take a pinch of snuff?" and so saying, he tapped a curious copper box, with a picture of his late majesty upon it.

"With great pleasure," answered I, bowing low, "since the act is a prelude to the pleasure of your acquaintance."

My gentleman of the gin-shop opened his box with an air, as he replied—"It is but seldom that I meet, in places of this description, gentlemen of the exterior of yourself and your friends. I am not a person very easily deceived by the outward man. Horace, Sir, could not have included *me*, when he said, *specie decipimur*. I perceive that you are surprised at hearing me quote Latin.

Alas! Sir, in my wandering and various manner of life, I may say, with Cicero and Pliny, that the study of letters has proved my greatest consolation. '*Gaudium mihi,*' says the latter author, '*et Solatium in literis: nihil tam læte quod his non lætius, nihil tam triste quod non per hos sit minus triste.*' God d—n ye, you scoundrel, give me my gin! a'nt you ashamed of keeping a gentleman of my fashion so long waiting?" This was said to the sleepy dispenser of the spirituous potations, who looked up for a moment with a dull stare, and then replied, "Your money first, Mr. Gordon—you owe us seven-pence halfpenny already."

"Blood and confusion! speakest thou to me of halfpence! Know that thou art a mercenary varlet; yes, knave, mark that, a mercenary varlet." The sleepy Ganymede replied not, and the wrath of Mr. Gordon subsided into a low, interrupted, internal muttering of strange oaths, which rolled and grumbled, and rattled in his throat, like distant thunder.

At length he cheered up a little.—" Sir," said he, addressing Dartmore, " it is a sad thing to be dependant on these low persons; the wise among the antients were never so wrong as when they panegyrized poverty: it is the wicked man's tempter, the good man's perdition, the proud man's curse, the melancholy man's *halter*."

" You are a strange old cock," said the unsophisticated Dartmore, eyeing him from head to foot; " there's half a sovereign for you."

The blunt blue eyes of Mr. Gordon sharpened up in an instant; he seized the treasure with an avidity, of which the minute after, he seemed somewhat ashamed; for he said, playing with the coin, in an idle, indifferent manner—" Sir, you show a consideration, and, let me add, Sir, a delicacy of feeling, unusual at your years. Sir, I shall repay you at my earliest leisure, and in the meanwhile allow me to say, that I shall be proud of the honour of your acquaintance."

" Thank-ye, old boy," said Dartmore, putting on his glove before he accepted the offered hand of

his new friend, which, though it was tendered with great grace and dignity, was of a marvellous dingy and soapless aspect.

"Hearkye! you d—d son of a gun!" cried Mr. Gordon, abruptly, turning from Dartmore, after a hearty shake of the hand, to the man at the counter—"Hearkye! give me change for this half sovereign, and be d—d to you—and then tip us a double gill of your best; you whey-faced, liver-drenched, pence-griping, belly-griping, pauper-cheating, sleepy-souled Arismanes of bad spirits. Come, gentlemen, if you have nothing better to do, I'll take you to my club; we are a rare knot of us, there—all choice spirits; some of them are a little uncouth, it is true, but we are not all born Chesterfields. Sir, allow me to ask the favour of your name?"

"Dartmore."

"Mr. Dartmore, you are a gentleman. Hollo! you *Liquorpond-street of a scoundrel* — having nothing of liquor but the name, you narrow, nasty, pitiful ally of a fellow, with a kennel for a

body, and a sink for a soul; give me my change and my gin, you scoundrel! Humph, is that all right, you Procrustes of the counter, chopping our lawful appetites down to your rascally standard of seven-pence halfpenny. Why don't you take a motto, you Paynim dog? Here's one for you—'Measure for measure, and the devil to pay!' Humph, you pitiful toadstool of a trader, you have no more spirit than an empty water-bottle; and when you go to h—ll, they'll use you to cool the bellows. I say, you rascal, why are you worse off than the devil in a hip bath of brimstone?—because, you knave, the devil then would only be half d—d, and you are d—d all over! Come, gentlemen, I am at your service."

## CHAPTER XIII.

The history of a philosophical vagabond, pursuing novelty, and losing content.

*Vicar of Wakefield.*

We followed our strange friend through the crowd at the door, which he elbowed on either side with a most aristocratic disdain, perfectly regardless of their jokes at his dress and manner; he no sooner got through the throng, than he stopped short (though in the midst of the kennel) and offered us his arm. This was an honour, of which we were by no means desirous: for, to say nothing of the shabbiness of Mr. Gordon's exterior, there was a certain odour in his garments which was possibly less displeasing to the wearer

than to his acquaintance. Accordingly, we pretended not to notice this invitation, and merely said, we would follow his guidance.

He turned up a narrow street, and after passing some of the most ill-favoured alleys I ever had the happiness of beholding, he stopped at a low door; here he knocked twice, and was at last admitted by a slip-shod, yawning wench, with red arms, and a profusion of sandy hair. This Hebe, Mr. Gordon greeted with a loving kiss, which the kissee resented in a very unequivocal strain of disgustful reproach.

"Hush! my Queen of Clubs; my Sultana Sootina!" said Mr. Gordon "Hush! or these gentlemen will think you in earnest. I have brought three new customers to the club."

This speech somewhat softened the incensed Houri of Mr. Gordon's Paradise, and she very civilly asked us to enter.

"Stop!" said Mr. Gordon, with an air of importance, "I must just step in and ask the gen-

tlemen to admit you;—merely a form—for a word from me will be quite sufficient." And so saying, he vanished for about five minutes.

On his return, he said, with a cheerful countenance, that we were free of the house, but that we must pay a shilling each as the customary fee: this sum was soon collected, and quietly inserted in the waistcoat pocket of our chaperon, who then conducted us up the passage into a small back room, where were sitting about seven or eight men, enveloped in smoke, and moistening the fever of the Virginian plant with various preparations of malt. On entering, I observed Mr. Gordon deposit, at a sort of bar, the sum of three-pence, by which I shrewdly surmised he had gained the sum of two and ninepence by our admission. With a very arrogant air, he proceeded to the head of the table, sat himself down with a swagger, and called out like a lusty royster of the true kidney, for a pint of purl and a pipe. Not to be out of fashion, we ordered the same articles of luxury.

After we had all commenced a couple of puffs at our pipes, I looked round at our fellow guests; they seemed in a very poor state of body, as might naturally be supposed; and, in order to ascertain how far the condition of the mind was suited to that of the frame, I turned round to Mr. Gordon, and asked him in a whisper to give us a few hints as to the genius and characteristics of the individual components of his club. Mr. Gordon declared himself delighted with the proposal, and we all adjourned to a separate table at the corner of the room, where Mr. Gordon, after a deep draught at the purl, thus began:—

"You observe yon thin, meagre, cadaverous animal, with rather an intelligent and melancholy expression of countenance—his name is Chitterling Crabtree: his father was an eminent coal-merchant, and left him 10,000*l.* Crabtree turned politician. When fate wishes to ruin a man of moderate abilities, and moderate fortune, she makes him an orator. Mr. Chitterling Crabtree attended all the

meetings at the Crown and Anchor—subscribed to the aid of the suffering friends of freedom—harangued, argued, sweated, wrote—was fined and imprisoned—regained his liberty, and married—his wife loved a community of goods no less than her spouse, and ran *off* with one citizen, while he was running *on* to the others. Chitterling dried his tears; and contented himself with the reflection, that, in 'a proper state of things,' such an event could not have occurred.

Mr. Crabtree's money and life were now half gone. One does not subscribe to the friends of freedom and spout at their dinners for nothing. But the worst drop was yet in the cup. An undertaking, of the most spirited and promising nature, was conceived by the chief of the friends, and the dearest familiar of Mr. Chitterling Crabtree. Our worthy embarked his fortune in a speculation so certain of success;—crash went the speculation, and off went the friend—Mr. Crabtree was ruined. He was not, however, a man to

despair at trifles. What were bread, meat, and beer, to the champion of equality! He went to the meeting that very night: he said he gloried in his losses—they were for the cause: the whole conclave rang with shouts of applause, and Mr. Chitterling Crabtree went to bed happier than ever. I need not pursue his history farther; *you see him here*—verbum sat. He spouts at the "Ciceronian," for half a crown a night, and to this day subscribes six-pence a week to the cause of "liberty and enlightenment all over the world."

"By Heaven!" cried Dartmore, "he is a fine fellow, and my father shall do something for him."

Gordon pricked up his ears, and continued,—"Now, for the second person, gentlemen, whom I am about to describe to you. You see that middle-sized, stout man, with a slight squint, and a restless, lowering, cunning expression?"

"What! he in the kerseymere breeches and green jacket?" said I.

"The same," answered Gordon. "His real name,

when he does not travel with an alias, is Job Jonson. He is one of the most remarkable rogues in Christendom: he is so noted a cheat, that there is not a pick-pocket in England who would keep company with him if he had anything to lose. He was the favourite of his father, who intended to leave him all his fortune, which was tolerably large. He robbed him one day on the high road; his father discovered it, and disinherited him. He was placed at a merchant's office, and rose, step by step, to be head clerk, and intended son-in-law. Three nights before his marriage, he broke open the till, and was turned out of doors the next morning. If you were going to do him the greatest favour in the world, he could not keep his hands out of your pocket till you had done it. In short, he has rogued himself out of a dozen fortunes, and a hundred friends, and managed, with incredible dexterity and success, to cheat himself into beggary and a pot of beer."

"I beg your pardon," said I, "but I think a

sketch of your own life must be more amusing than that of any one else; am I impertinent in asking for it?"

"Not at all," replied Mr Gordon, "you shall have it in as few words as possible."

"I was born a gentleman, and educated with some pains; they told me I was a genius, and I was not very hard to be persuaded of the truth of the assertion. I wrote verses to a wonder—robbed orchards according to military tactics—never played at marbles, without explaining to my competitors the theory of attraction—and was the best informed, mischievous, little rascal in the whole school. My family were in great doubt what to do with so prodigious a wonder; one said the law, another the church, a third talked of diplomacy, and a fourth assured my mother, that if I could but be introduced at court, I should be lord chamberlain in a twelvemonth. While my friends were deliberating, I took the liberty of deciding; I enlisted, in a fit of loyal valour, in a marching regiment; my friends

made the best of a bad job, and bought me an ensigncy.

"I recollect I read Plato the night before I went to battle; the next morning they told me I ran away. I am sure it was a malicious invention, for if I had, I should have recollected it; whereas I was in such a confusion that I cannot remember a single thing that happened in the whole course of that day. About six months afterwards, I found myself out of the army, and in gaol; and no sooner had my relations released me from the latter predicament, than I set off on my travels. At Dublin, I lost my heart to a rich widow (as I thought); I married her, and found her as poor as myself. God knows what would have become of me, if I had not taken to drinking; my wife scorned to be outdone by me in any thing; she followed my example, and at the end of a year I followed her to the grave. Since then I have taken warning, and been scrupulously sober.—Betty, my love, another pint of purl.

"I was now once more a freeman in the prime of my life; handsome, as you see, gentlemen, and with the strength and spirit of a young Hercules. Accordingly I dried my tears, turned marker by night, at a gambling house, and buck by day, in Bond-street (for I had returned to London). I remember well one morning, that his present Majesty was pleased, *en passant*, to admire my buckskins—*tempora mutantur*. Well, gentlemen, one night at a brawl in our *salon*, my nose met with a rude hint to move to the right. I went, in a great panic to the surgeon, who mended the matter, by moving it to the left. There, thank God! it has rested in quiet ever since. It is needless to tell you the nature of the quarrel in which this accident occurred; however, my friends thought it necessary to remove me from the situation I then held. I went once more to Ireland, and was introduced to "a friend of freedom." I was poor: that circumstance is quite enough to make a patriot. They sent me to Paris on a secret mission, and

when I returned, my friends were in prison. Being always of a free disposition, I did not envy them their situation, accordingly I returned to England. Halting at Liverpool, with a most debilitated purse, I went into a silversmith's shop to brace it, and about six months afterwards, I found myself on a marine excursion to Botany Bay. On my return from that country, I resolved to turn my literary talents to account. I went to Cambridge, wrote declamations, and translated Virgil at so much a sheet. My relations (thanks to my letters, neither few nor far between) soon found me out; they allowed me (they do so still) half a guinea a week; and upon this and my declamations, I manage to exist. Ever since, my chief residence has been at Cambridge. I am an universal favourite with both graduates and under-graduates. I have reformed my life and my manners, and have become the quiet, orderly person you behold me. Age tames the fiercest of us—

"'Non sum qualis eram.'

"*Betsy, bring me my purl, and be d—d to you.*

"It is now vacation time, and I have come to town with the idea of holding lectures on the state of education. Mr. Dartmore, your health. Gentlemen, yours. My story is done, and I hope you will pay for the purl."

## CHAPTER XIV.

I hate a drunken rogue.

*Twelfth Night.*

We took an affectionate leave of Mr. Gordon, and found ourselves once more in the open air; the smoke and the purl had contributed greatly to the continuance of our inebriety, and we were as much averse to bed as ever. We conveyed ourselves, laughing and rioting all the way, to a stand of hackney-coaches. We entered the head of the flock, and drove to Piccadilly. It set us down at the corner of the Haymarket.

"Past two!" cried the watchman, as we sauntered by him.

"You lie, you rascal," said I, "you have passed *three* now."

We were all merry enough to laugh at this sally; and seeing a light gleam from the entrance of the Royal Saloon, we knocked at the door, and it was opened unto us. We sat down at the only spare table in the place, and looked round inquiringly at the smug and varment citizens with which the room was filled.

"Hollo, waiter!" cried Tringle, "some red wine negus—I know not why it is, but the devil himself could never cure me of thirst. Wine and I have a most chemical attraction for each other. You know that we always estimate the force of attraction between bodies, by the force required to separate them!"

While we were all three as noisy and nonsensical as our best friends could have wished us, a new stranger entered, approached, looked round the room for a seat, and seeing none, walked leisurely up to our table, and accosted me with a—"Ha! Mr. Pelham, how d'ye do? Well met; by your

leave I will sip my grog at your table. No offence, I hope—more the merrier, eh?—Waiter, a glass of hot brandy and water—not too weak. D'ye hear?"

Need I say that this pithy and pretty address proceeded from the mouth of Mr. Tom Thornton. He was somewhat more than half drunk, and his light, prying eyes twinkled dizzily in his head. Dartmore, who was, and is, the best natured fellow alive, hailed the signs of his intoxication as a sort of freemasonry, and made way for him beside himself. I could not help remarking, that Thornton seemed singularly less sleek than heretofore: his coat was out at the elbows, his linen was torn and soiled; there was not a vestige of the vulgar spruceness about him which was formerly one of his most prominent characteristics. He had also lost a great deal of the florid health formerly visible in his face; his cheeks seemed sunk and haggard, his eyes hollow, and his complexion sallow and squalid, in spite of the flush intemperance spread over it at the moment. However, he was

in high spirits, and soon made himself so entertaining that Dartmore and Tringle grew charmed with him.

As for me, the antipathy I had to the man sobered and silenced me for the rest of the night; and finding that Dartmore and his friend were eager for an introduction to some female friends of Thornton's, whom he mentioned in terms of high praise, I tore myself from them, and made the best of my way home.

## CHAPTER XV.

Illi mors gravis incubat
Qui notus nimis omnibus
Ignotus moritur sibi.

SENECA.

Nous serons par nos lois les juges des ouvrages.

*Les Femmes Savantes.*

VINCENT called on me the next day. "I have news for you," said he, "though somewhat of a lugubrious nature. *Lugete Veneres Cupidinesque.* You remember the Duchesse de Perpignan?"

"I should think so," was my answer.

"Well then," pursued Vincent, "she is no more. Her death was worthy of her life. She was to give a brilliant entertainment to all the foreigners at Paris; the day before it took place a dreadful eruption broke over her complexion. She sent for the doctors in despair."

"Cure me against to-morrow," she said, "and name your own reward."

"Madam, it is impossible to do so with safety to your health."

"*Au! diable* with your health," said the Duchesse, "what is health to an eruption!"

The doctors took the hint; an external application was used—the Duchesse woke in the morning as beautiful as ever—the entertainment took place —she was the Armida of the scene. Supper was announced. She took the arm of the —— ambassador, and moved through the crowd amidst the audible admiration of all. She stopped for a moment at the door; all eyes were upon her. A fearful and ghastly convulsion passed over her countenance, her lips trembled, she fell on the ground with the most terrible contortions of face and frame. They carried her to bed. She remained for some days insensible; when she recovered, she asked for a looking-glass. Her whole face was drawn on one side, not a wreck

of beauty was left;—that night she poisoned herself!"

I cannot express how shocked I was at this information. Much as I had cause to be disgusted with the conduct of that unhappy woman, I could find in my mind no feeling but commiseration and horror at her death; and it was with great difficulty that Vincent persuaded me to accept an invitation to Lady Roseville's for the evening, to meet Glanville and himself.

However, I cheered up as the night came on; and though my mind was still haunted with the tale of the morning, it was neither in a musing nor a melancholy mood, that I entered the drawing-room at Lady Roseville's.—"So runs the world away."

Glanville was there in his "customary mourning," and looking remarkably handsome.

"Pelham," he said, when he joined me, "do you remember at Lady ——'s, one night, I said I would introduce you to my sister? I had no opportunity then, for we left the house before she

returned from the refreshment room. May I do so now?"

I need not say what was my answer. I followed Glanville into the next room; and to my inexpressible astonishment and delight, discovered in his sister the beautiful, the never-forgotten stranger I had seen at Cheltenham.

For once in my life I was embarrassed—my bow would have shamed a major in the line, and my uttered and irrelevant address, an alderman in the presence of his majesty. However, a few moments sufficed to recover me, and I strained every nerve to be as agreeable and *seduisant* as possible.

After I had conversed with Miss Glanville for some time, Lady Roseville joined us. Stately and Juno-like as was that charming personage in general, she relaxed into a softness of manner to Miss Glanville, that quite won my heart. She drew her to a part of the room, where a very animated and chiefly literary conversation was going on—and I, resolving to make the best of my time, fol-

lowed them, and once more found myself seated beside Miss Glanville. Lady Roseville was on the other side of my beautiful companion; and I observed that, whenever she took her eyes from Miss Glanville, they always rested upon her brother. He, silent, absorbed, and gloomy, sat in the midst of the disputation and the disputants, like a thing of stone, cast in the stern mould of other times.

The conversation turned upon Scott's novels, thence on novels in general; and finally on the particular one of Anastasius.

"It is a thousand pities," said Vincent, "that the scene of that novel is so far removed from us. Could the humour, the persons, the knowledge of character, and of the world, come home to us, in a national, not an exotic garb, it would be a more popular, as it is certainly a more gifted work, than even the exquisite novel of Gil Blas. But it is a great misfortune for H—— that,—

——"'To *learning* he narrowed his mind,
And gave up to the *East* what was meant for mankind.'

One often loses in admiration, at the knowledge of peculiar costume, the deference one would have paid to the masterly grasp of universal character."

"It must require," said Lady Roseville, "an extraordinary combination of mental powers to produce a perfect novel."

"One so extraordinary," answered Vincent, "that, though we have one perfect epic poem, and several which pretend to perfection, we have not one perfect novel in the world. Gil Blas approaches more to perfection than any other (owing to the defect I have just mentioned in Anastasius); but it must be confessed that there is a want of dignity, of moral rectitude, and of what I may term moral beauty, throughout the whole book. If an author could combine the various excellencies of Scott, and Le Sage, with a greater, and more metaphysical knowledge of morals than either, we might expect from him the perfection we have not yet discovered, since the days of Apuleius."

"Speaking of morals," said Lady Roseville, "do you not think every novel should have its dis-

tinct *bût*, and inculcate, throughout, some one peculiar moral, such as many of Marmontel's and Miss Edgworth's?"

"No!" answered Vincent, "every good novel has one great end—the same in all—*viz:* the increasing our knowledge of the heart. It is thus that a novel writer must be a philosopher. Whoever succeeds in shewing us more accurately the nature of ourselves, and species, has done science, and, consequently, virtue, the most important benefit: *for every truth is a moral. This* great and universal end, I am led to imagine, is rather crippled than extended by the rigorous attention to the *one* isolated moral you mention.

"Thus, Dryden, in his Essay on the Progress of Satire, very rightly prefers Horace to Juvenal, so far as *instruction* is concerned; because the miscellaneous satires of the former are directed against every vice—the more confined ones of the latter (for the most part) only against *one*. All mankind is the field the novelist should cultivate—all truth the moral he should strive to bring home. It is

casional dialogue, in desultory maxims, in
ictions from events, in analysis of character,
he should benefit and instruct. It is not
igh—and I wish a certain novelist who has
y arisen would remember this — it is not
igh for a writer to have a good heart, amiable
pathies, and what are termed high feelings, in
r to shape out a moral, either true in itself, or
eficial in its inculcation. Before he touches
tale, he should be thoroughly acquainted
h the intricate science of morals, and the me-
physical, as well as the more open, operations
the mind. If his knowledge is not deep and
ear, his love of the good may only lead him
to error; and he may pass off the prejudices
a susceptible heart for the precepts of virtue.
Vould to God that people would think it neces-
ry to be instructed before they attempt to in-
uct. '*Dire simplement que la vertu est vertu
rce qu'elle est bonne en son fonds, et le vice tout
contraire, ce n'est pas les faire connoître.*' For
ne, if I was to write a novel, I would first make

myself an acute, active, and vigilant observer o
and manners. Secondly, I would, after ha
thus noted effects by action in the world, trace
causes by books, and meditation in my closet.
is then, and not till then, that I would stud
lighter graces of style and decoration; nor wou
give the rein to invention, till I was convi
that it would create neither monsters of men,
falsities of truth. For my vehicles of instruc
or amusement, I would have people as they ar
neither worse nor better—and the moral they sho
convey, should be rather through jest or iro
than gravity and seriousness. There never w
an imperfection corrected by portraying perf
tion; and if levity or ridicule be said so easily
allure to sin, I do not see why they should not
used in defence of virtue. Of this we may be su
that as laughter is a distinct indication of the hum
race, so there never was a brute mind or a sava
heart that loved to indulge in it."*

* The Philosopher of Malmesbury expresses a very differe
opinion of the origin of laughter, and, for my part, I am i
clined greatly to agree with him.—*See Hobbes on Hum
Nature.*

Vincent ceased.

"Thank you, my lord," said Lady Roseville, as she took Miss Glanville's arm and moved from the table. "For once you have condescended to give us your own sense, and not other people's; you have scarce made a single quotation."

"Accept," answered Vincent, rising,

"Accept a miracle instead of wit."

## CHAPTER XVI.

Oh! I love!—Methinks
This word of love is fit for all the world,
And that for gentle hearts, another name
Would speak of gentler thoughts than the world owns.
P. B. SHELLEY.

—— For me, I ask no more than honour gives,
To think me yours, and rank me with your friends.
SHAKSPEARE.

CALLOUS and worldly as I may seem, from the tone of these memoirs, I can say, safely, that one of the most delicious evenings I ever spent, was the first of my introduction to Miss Glanville. I went home intoxicated with a subtle spirit of enjoyment that gave a new zest and freshness to life. Two little hours seemed to have changed the whole course of my thoughts and feelings.

There was nothing about Miss Glanville like a heroine—I hate your heroines. She had none of that " modest ease," and " quiet dignity," and " English grace" (Lord help us!) of which certain writers speak with such applause. Thank Heaven, *she was alive*; she had great sense, but the playfulness of a child; extreme rectitude of mind, but with the tenderness of a gazelle; if she laughed, all her countenance, lips, eyes, forehead, cheeks laughed too; "Paradise seemed opened in her face;" if she looked grave, it was such a lofty and *upward*, yet sweet and gentle gravity, that you might (had you been gifted with the least imagination,) have supposed, from the model of her countenance, a new order of angels, between the cherubim and the seraphim, the angels of Love and Wisdom. She was not, perhaps, quite so silent in society as my individual taste would desire; but when she spoke, it was with a propriety of thought and diction which made me lament when her voice had ceased. It was as if something beautiful in creation had stopped suddenly.

Enough of this now. I was lazily turning (the morning after Lady Roseville's) over some old books, when Vincent entered. I observed that his face was flushed, and his eyes sparkled with more than their usual brilliancy. He looked carefully round the room, and then approaching his chair towards mine, said, in a low tone—

"Pelham, I have something of importance on my mind which I wish to discuss with you; but let me entreat you to lay aside your usual levity, and pardon me if I say affectation; meet me with the candour and plainness which are the real distinctions of your character."

"My Lord Vincent," I replied, "there is, in your words, a depth and solemnity which pierce me through one of N——'s best stuffed coats, even to the very heart. Let me ring for my poodle and some *eau de Cologne*, and I will hear you as you desire, from the alpha to the omega of your discourse."

Vincent bit his lip, but I rung, had my orders executed, and then settling myself and my poodle

on the sofa, I declared my readiness to attend to him.

"My dear friend," said he, "I have often seen that, in spite of all your love of pleasure, you have your mind continually turned towards higher and graver objects; and I have thought the better of your talents, and of your future success, for the little parade you make of the one, and the little care you appear to pay to the other: for

> "'tis a common proof,
> That lowliness is young Ambition's ladder.'

I have also observed that you have, of late, been much to Lord Dawton's; I have even heard that you have been twice closeted with him. It is well known that that person entertains hopes of leading the Opposition to the *grata arva* of the Treasury benches; and notwithstanding the years in which the Whigs have been out of office, there are some persons who pretend to foresee the chance of a coalition between them and Mr. Gaskell, to whose

principles it is also added that they have been gradually assimilating."

Here Vincent paused a moment, and looked full at me. I met his eye with a glance as searching as his own. His look changed, and he continued.

"Now listen to me, Pelham; such a coalition never can take place. You smile; I repeat it. It is my object to form a third party; perhaps while the two great sects 'anticipate the cabinet designs of fate,' there may suddenly come by a third, 'to whom the whole shall be referred.' Say that you think it not impossible that you may join us, and I will tell you more."

I paused for three minutes before I answered Vincent. I then said—"I thank you very sincerely for your proposal; tell me the names of two of your designed party, and I will answer you?"

"Lord Lincoln and Lord Lesborough."

"What!" said I—"the Whig, who says in the Upper House, that whatever may be the distresses

of the people, they shall not be gratified at the cost of one of the despotic privileges of the aristocracy. Go to !—, I will have none of him. As to Lesborough, he is a fool and a boaster—who is always puffing his own vanity with the windiest pair of oratorical bellows that ever were made by air and brass, for the purpose of sound and smoke, 'signifying nothing.' Go to!—I will have none of him either."

"You are right in your judgment of my *confrères*," answered Vincent; "but we must make use of bad tools for good purposes."

"No—no!" said I; "the commonest carpenter will tell you the reverse."

Vincent eyed me suspiciously. "Look, you!" said he; "I know well that no man loves better than you place, power, and reputation. Do you grant this?"

"I do!" was my reply.

"Join with us; I will place you in the House of Commons immediately: if we succeed, you shall

have the first and the best post I can give you. Now—'under which, King Bezonian, speak or die!'"

"I answer you in the words of the same worthy you quote," said I—"'A foutra for thine office.' —Do you know, Vincent, that I have, strange as it may seem to you, such a thing as a conscience?—it is true I forget it now and then; but in a public capacity, the recollections of others would put me very soon in mind of it. I know your party well. I cannot imagine—forgive me—one more injurious to the country, nor one more revolting to myself; and I do positively affirm, that I would sooner feed my poodle on paunch and liver, instead of cream and fricassee, than be an instrument in the hands of men like Lincoln and Lesborough; who talk much, who perform nothing—who join ignorance of every principle of legislation to indifference for every benefit to the people:—who are full of wise saws, but empty of 'modern instances' —who level upwards, and trample downwards—

and would only value the ability you are pleased to impute to me, in the exact proportion that a sportsman values the ferret, that burrows for his pleasure, and destroys for his interest. Your *party* shan't stand !"

Vincent turned pale—" And how long," said he, " have you learnt 'the principles of legislation,' and this mighty affection for the 'benefit of the people ?' "

" Ever since," said I, coldly, " I learnt *any* thing! The first piece of *real* knowledge I ever gained was, that my interest was incorporated with that of the beings with whom I had the chance of being cast: if I injure them, I injure myself: if I can do them any good, I receive the benefit in common with the rest. Now, as I have a great love for that personage, who has now the honour of addressing you, I resolved to be honest for his sake. So much for my affection for the benefit of the people. As to the little knowledge of the principles of legislation, on which you are

kind enough to compliment me, look over the books on this table, or the writings in this desk, and know, that ever since I had the misfortune of parting from you at Cheltenham, there has not been a day in which I have spent less than six hours reading and writing on that sole subject. But enough of this—will you ride to-day?"

Vincent rose slowly—

"'Gli arditi (said he) tuoi voti
Già noti mi sono;
Ma inveno a quel trono,
Tu aspiri con me
Trema per te!'"

"*Io trema* (I replied out of the same opera)—'*Io trema—di te!*'"

"Well," answered Vincent, and his fine high nature overcame his momentary resentment and chagrin, at my reception of his offer—"Well, I honour you for your sentiments, though they are opposed to my own. I may depend on your secrecy?"

"You may," said I.

"I forgive you, Pelham," rejoined Vincent: "we part friends."

"Wait one moment," said I, "and pardon me, if I venture to speak in the language of caution to one in every way so superior to myself. No one, (I say this with a safe conscience, for I never flattered my friend in my life, though I have often adulated my enemy)—no one has a greater admiration for your talents than myself; I desire eagerly to see you in the station most fit for their display; pause one moment before you link yourself, not only to party, but to principles that cannot stand. You have only to exert yourself, and you may either lead the opposition, or be among the foremost in the administration. Take something certain rather than what is doubtful; or at least stand alone:—such is my belief in your powers, if fairly tried, that if you were not united to those men, I would promise you faithfully to stand or fall by you alone, even if we had not through all England another soldier to our standard; but ——"

"I thank you, Pelham," said Vincent, interrupting me; "till we meet in public as enemies, we are friends in private—I desire no more.—Farewell."

## CHAPTER XVII.

Il vaut mieux employer notre esprit à supporter les infortunes qui nous arrivent, qu'à prévoir celle qui nous peuvent arriver.

ROCHFOUCAULT.

No sooner had Vincent departed, than I buttoned my coat, and sallied out through a cold easterly wind to Lord Dawton's. It was truly said by the political quoter, that I had been often to that nobleman's, although I have not thought it advisable to speak of my political adventures hitherto. I have before said, that I was ambitious; and the sagacious have probably already discovered, that I was somewhat less ignorant than it was my usual pride and pleasure to appear. Heaven knows why! but I had established among my uncle's friends, a reputation for talent, which I

by no means deserved, and no sooner had I been personally introduced to Lord Dawton, than I found myself courted by that personage in a manner equally gratifying and uncommon. When I lost my seat in Parliament, Dawton assured me that before the session was over, I should be returned for one of his boroughs; and though my mind revolted at the idea of *becoming dependant* on any party, I made little scruple of promising *conditionally* to *ally* myself to his. So far had affairs gone, when I was honoured with Vincent's proposal. I found Lord Dawton in his library, with the Marquess of Clandonald, (Lord Dartmore's father, and, from his rank and property, classed among the highest, as, from his vanity and restlessness, he was among the most active members of the Opposition.) Clandonald left the room when I entered. Few men in office are wise enough to trust the young; as if the greater zeal and sincerity of youth, did not more than compensate for its appetite for the gay, or its thoughtlessness of the serious.

When we were alone, Dawton said to me, "We are in great despair at the motion upon the ——, to be made in the Lower House. We have not a single person whom we can depend upon, for the sweeping and convincing answer we ought to make; and though we should at least muster our full force in voting, our whipper-in, poor ——, is so ill, that I fear we shall make but a very pitiful figure."

"Give me," said I, "full permission to go forth into the high-ways and by-ways, and I will engage to bring a whole legion of dandies to the House door. I can go no farther; your other agents must do the rest."

"Thank you, my dear young friend," said Lord Dawton, eagerly; "thank you a thousand times; we must really get you in the House as soon as possible; you will serve us more than I can express."

I bowed, with a sneer I could not repress. Dawton pretended not to observe it. "Come," said I, "my lord, we have no time to lose. I shall

meet you, perhaps, at Brookes's, to-morrow evening, and report to you respecting my success."

Lord Dawton pressed my hand warmly, and followed me to the door.

"He is the best premier we could have," thought I; "but he deceives himself, if he thinks Henry Pelham will play the jackall to his lion. He will soon see that I shall keep for myself what he thinks I hunt for him." I passed through Pall Mall, and thought of Glanville. I knocked at his door; he was at home. I found him leaning his cheek upon his hand, in a thoughtful position; an open letter was before him.

"Read that," he said, pointing to it.

I did so. It was from the agent to the Duke of ———, and contained his appointment to an opposition Borough.

"A new toy, Pelham," said he, faintly smiling; "but a little longer, and they will all be broken— the *rattle* will be the last."

"My dear, dear Glanville," said I, much

affected, "do not talk thus; you have every thing before you."

"Yes," interrupted Glanville, "you are right, for every thing left for me is in the grave. Do you imagine that I can taste one of the possessions which fortune has heaped upon me, that I have one healthful faculty, one sense of enjoyment, among the hundred which other men are 'heirs to?' When did you ever see me for a moment happy? I live, as it were, on a rock, barren, and herbless, and sapless, and cut off from all human fellowship and intercourse. I had only a single object left to live for, when you saw me at Paris; I have gratified that, and the end and purpose of my existence is fulfilled. Heaven is merciful; but a little while, and this feverish and unquiet spirit shall be at rest."

I took his hand and pressed it.

"Feel," said he, "this dry, burning skin; count my pulse through the variations of a single minute, and you will cease either to pity me, or to speak to me of life. For months I have had,

night and day, a wasting—wasting fever, of brain, and heart, and frame; the fire works well, and the fuel is nearly consumed."

He paused, and we were both silent. In fact, I was shocked at the fever of his pulse, no less than affected at the despondency of his words. At last I spoke to him of medical advice.

"'Canst thou,'" he said, with a deep solemnity of voice and manner, "'administer to a mind diseased—pluck from the memory'—Ah! away with the quotation and the reflection." And he sprung from the sofa, and going to the window, opened it, and leaned out for a few moments in silence. When he turned again towards me, his manner had regained its usual quiet. He spoke about the important motion approaching on the ——, and promised to attend; and then, by degrees, I led him to talk of his sister.

He mentioned her with enthusiasm. "Beautiful as Ellen is," he said, "her face is the very faintest reflection of her mind. Her habits of thought are so pure, that every impulse is a virtue.

Never was there a person to whom goodness was so easy. Vice seems something so opposite to her nature, that I cannot imagine it possible for her to sin."

"Will you not call with me at your mother's?" said I. "I am going there to-day."

Glanville replied in the affirmative, and we went at once to Lady Glanville's, in Berkeley Square. We were admitted into his mother's boudoir. She was alone with Miss Glanville. Our conversation soon turned from common place topics to those of a graver nature; the deep melancholy of Glanville's mind imbued all his thoughts when he once suffered himself to express them.

"Why," said Lady Glanville, who seemed *painfully* fond of her son, "why do you not go more into the world? You suffer your mind to prey upon itself, till it destroys you. My dear, dear son, how very ill you seem."

Ellen, whose eyes swam in tears, as they gazed upon her brother, laid her beautiful hand upon his, and said, "For *my mother's* sake, Reginald,

do take more care of yourself; you want air, and exercise, and amusement."

"No," answered Glanville, "I want nothing but occupation, and thanks to the Duke of ——, I have now got it. I am chosen member for ——."

"I am *too* happy," said the proud mother; "you will now be all I have ever predicted for you;" and, in her joy at the moment, she forgot the hectic of his cheek, and the hollowness of his eye.

"Do you remember," said Reginald, turning to his sister, "those beautiful lines in my favourite Ford,—

——'"Glories
Of human greatness are but pleasing dreams,
And shadows soon decaying. On the stage
Of my mortality, my youth has acted
Some scenes of vanity, drawn out at length
By varied pleasures—sweetened in the mixture,
But tragical in issue. Beauty, pomp,
With every sensuality our giddiness
Doth frame an idol—are inconstant friends
When any troubled passion makes us halt
On the unguarded castle of the mind.'"

"Your verses," said I, "are beautiful, even to

me, who have no soul for poetry, and never wrote a line in my life. But I love not their philosophy. In all sentiments that are impregnated with melancholy, and instil sadness as a moral, I question the wisdom, and dispute the truth. There is no situation in life which we cannot sweeten, or embitter, at will. If the past is gloomy, I do not see the necessity of dwelling upon it. If the mind can make one vigorous exertion, it can another: the same energy you put forth in acquiring knowledge, would also enable you to baffle misfortune. Determine not to think upon what is painful; resolutely turn away from every thing that recals it; bend all your attention to some new and engrossing object; do this, and you defeat the past. You smile, as if this were impossible; yet it is not an iota more so, than to tear one's self from a favourite pursuit, and addict one's self to an object unwelcome to one at first. This the mind does continually through life; so can it also do the other, if you will but make an equal exertion. Nor does it seem to me natural to the human heart to look

*much* to the past; all its plans, its projects, its aspirations, are for the future; it is *for* the future, and *in* the future, that we live. Our very passions, when most agitated, are most anticipative. Revenge, avarice, ambition, love, the desire of good and evil, are all fixed and pointed to some distant goal; to look backwards, is like walking backwards against our proper formation; the mind does not readily adopt the habit, and when once adopted, it will readily return to its natural bias. Oblivion is, therefore, an easier obtained boon than we imagine. Forgetfulness of the past is purchased by increasing our anxiety for the future."

I paused for a moment, but Glanville did not answer me; and, encouraged by a look from Ellen, I continued—"You remember that, according to an old creed, if we were given memory as a curse, we were also given hope as a blessing. Counteract the one by the other. In my own life, I have committed many weak, many wicked actions; I have chased away their remembrance, though I have transplanted their warning to the future. As

the body involuntarily avoids what is hurtful to it, without tracing the association to its first experience, so the mind insensibly shuns what has formerly afflicted it, even without palpably recalling the remembrance of the affliction. The Roman philosopher placed the secret of human happiness in the one maxim—'not to admire.' I never could exactly comprehend the sense of the moral: my maxim for the same object, would be—'never to regret.'"

"Alas! my dear friend," said Glanville—"we are great philosophers to each other, but not to ourselves; the moment we begin to *feel* sorrow, we cease to reflect on its wisdom. Time is the only comforter; your maxims are very true, but they confirm me in my opinion—that it is in vain for us to lay down fixed precepts for the regulation of the mind, so long as it is dependent upon the body. Happiness and its reverse are constitutional in many persons, and it is then only that they are independent of circumstances. Make the health, the frames of all men alike—make their nerves

of the same susceptibility—their memories of the same bluntness, or acuteness—and I will then allow, that you can give rules adapted to all men; till then, your maxim, 'never to regret,' is as idle as Horace's 'never to admire.' It may be wise to you—it is impossible to me!"

With these last words, Glanville's voice faltered, and I felt averse to push the argument further. Ellen's eye caught mine, and gave me a look so kind, and almost grateful, that I forgot every thing else in the world. A few moments afterwards a friend of Lady Glanville's was announced, and I left the room.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

— Intus et in jecore ægro,
Nascuntur domini.—
PERSIUS.

THE next two or three days I spent in visiting all my male friends in the Lower House, and engaging them to dine with me, preparatory to the great act of voting on ———'s motion. I led them myself to the House of Commons, and not feeling sufficiently interested in the debate to remain, as a stranger, where I ought, in my own opinion, to have acted as a performer, I went to Brookes's to wait the result. Lord Gravelton, a stout, bluff, six foot nobleman, with a voice like a Stentor, was "blowing up" the waiters in the coffee-room. Mr. ———, the author of T——,

was conning the Courier in a corner; and Lord Armadilleros, the haughtiest and most honourable peer in the calendar, was monopolizing the drawing-room with his right foot on one hob and his left on the other. I sat myself down in silence, and looked over the "crack article" in the Edinburgh. By and bye, the room got fuller; every one spoke of the motion before the House, and anticipated the merits of the speeches, and the numbers of the voters.

At last a principal member entered—a crowd gathered round him. "I have heard," he said, "the most extraordinary speech, for the combination of knowledge and imagination that I ever recollect to have listened to."

"From Gaskell, I suppose?" was the universal cry.

"No," said Mr. ———, "Gaskell has not yet spoken. It was from a young man who has only just taken his seat. It was received with the most unanimous cheers, and was, indeed, a remarkable display."

"What is his name?" I asked, already half foreboding the answer.

"I only just learnt it as I left the House," replied Mr. ——; "the speaker was Sir Reginald Glanville."

Then every one whom I had often before heard censure Glanville for his rudeness, or laugh at him for his eccentricity, opened their mouths in congratulations to their own wisdom, for having long admired his talents and predicted his success.

I left the "*turba tremi sequens fortūnam;*" I felt agitated and feverish; those who have unexpectedly heard of the success of a man for whom great affection is blended with greater interest, can understand the restlessness of mind with which I wandered into the streets. The air was cold and nipping. I was buttoning my coat round my chest, when I heard a voice say, "You have dropped your glove, Mr. Pelham."

The speaker was Thornton. I thanked him coldly for his civility, and was going on, when he

said, "If your way is up Pall Mall, I have no objection to join you for a few minutes."

I bowed with some *hauteur*; and as I seldom refuse any opportunity of knowing more perfectly individual character, I said I should be happy of his company so long as our way lay together.

"It is a cold night, Mr. Pelham," said Thornton, after a pause. "I have been dining at Hatchett's, with an old Paris acquaintance; I am sorry we did not meet more often in France, but I was so taken up with my friend Mr. Warburton."

As Thornton uttered that name, he looked hard at me, and then added, "By the bye, I saw you with Sir Reginald Glanville the other day; you know him well, I presume?"

"Tolerably well," said I, with indifference.

"What a strange character he is," rejoined Thornton; "*I* also have known him for some years," and again Thornton looked pryingly into my countenance. Poor fool, it was not for a penetration like his to read the *cor inscrutabile* of a

man born and bred like me, in the consummate dissimulation of *bon ton*.

"He is very rich, is he not?" said Thornton, after a brief silence.

"I believe so," said I.

"Humph!" answered Thornton. "Things have grown better with him, in proportion as they grew worse with me, who have had 'as good luck as the cow that stuck herself with her own horn.' I suppose he is not too anxious to recollect me—'poverty parts fellowship.' Well, hang pride, say I; give me an honest heart all the year round, in summer or winter, drought or plenty. Would to God, some kind friend would lend me twenty pounds."

To this wish I made no reply. Thornton sighed.

"Mr. Pelham," renewed he, "it is true, I have known you but a short time—excuse the liberty I take—but if you *could* lend me a trifle, it would really assist me very much."

"Mr. Thornton," said I, "if I knew you better, and could serve you more, you might apply to

me for a more real assistance than any *bagatelle* I could afford you would be. If twenty pounds would really be of service to you, I will lend it you, upon this condition, that you never ask me for another farthing."

Thornton's face brightened. "A thousand, thousand—" he begun.

"No," interrupted I, "no thanks, only your promise."

"Upon my honour," said Thornton, "I will never ask you for another farthing."

"There *is* honour among thieves," thought I, and so I took out the sum mentioned, and gave it to him. In good earnest, though I disliked the man, his threadbare garments and altered appearance moved me to compassion. While he was pocketing the money, which he did with the most unequivocal delight, a tall figure passed us rapidly. We both turned at the same instant, and recognized Glanville. He had not gone seven yards beyond us, before we observed his steps, which were very irregular, pause suddenly; a moment afterwards

he fell against the iron rails of an area; we hastened towards him, he was apparently fainting. His countenance was perfectly livid, and marked with the traces of extreme exhaustion. I sent Thornton to the nearest public-house for some water; before he returned, Glanville had recovered.

" All—all—in vain," he said, slowly and unconsciously, " death is the only Lethe."

He started when he saw me. I made him lean on my arm, and we walked on slowly.

" I have already heard of your speech," said I. Glanville smiled with the usual faint and sicklied expression, which made his smile painful even in its exceeding sweetness.

" You have also already seen its effects; the excitement was too much for me."

" It must have been a proud moment when you sat down," said I.

" It was one of the bitterest I ever felt—it was fraught with the memory of the dead. What are all honours to me now?—O God! O God! have mercy upon me!"

And Glanville stopped suddenly, and put his hand to his temples.

By this time Thornton had joined us. When Glanville's eyes rested upon him, a deep hectic rose slowly and gradually over his cheeks. Thornton's lip curled with a malicious expression. Glanville marked it, and his brow grew on the moment as black as night.

"Begone!" he said, in a loud voice, and with a flashing eye, "begone instantly; I loath the very sight of so base a thing."

Thornton's quick, restless eye, grew like a living coal, and he bit his lip so violently that the blood gushed out. He made, however, no other answer than—

"You seem agitated to-night, Sir Reginald; I wish your speedy restoration to better health. Mr. Pelham, your servant."

Glanville walked on in silence till we came to his door: we parted there; and for want of anything better to do, I sauntered towards the M—— Hell, in St. James's Place. There were only about

ten or twelve persons in the rooms, and all were gathered round the hazard table—I looked on silently, seeing the knaves devour the fools, and younger brothers make up in wit for the deficiencies of fortune.

The Honourable Mr. Blagrave came up to me; "Do you never play?" said he.

"Sometimes," was my brief reply.

"Lend me a hundred pounds!" rejoined my kind acquaintance.

"I was just going to make you the same request," said I.

Blagrave laughed heartily. "Well," said he, "be my security to a Jew, and I'll be your's. My fellow lends me money at only forty per cent. My governor is a d——d stingy old fellow, for I am the most moderate son in the universe. I neither hunt, nor race, nor have I any one favourite expense, except gambling, and he won't satisfy me in that—now I call such conduct shameful!"

"Unheard of barbarity," said I; "and you do

well to ruin your property by Jews, before you have it; you could not avenge yourself better on 'the governor.'"

"No, d—— me," said Blagrave, "leave me alone for that! Well, I have got five pounds left, I shall go and slap it down."

No sooner had he left me than I was accosted by Mr. Goren, a handsome little adventurer, who lived the devil knew how, for the devil seemed to take excellent care of him.

"Poor Blagrave!" said he, eying the countenance of that ingenious youth. "He is a strange fellow—he asked me the other day, if I ever read the History of England, and told me there was a great deal in it about his ancestor, a Roman General, in the time of William the Conqueror, called Caractacus. He told me at the last Newmarket, that he had made up a capital book, and it turned out that he had hedged with such dexterity, that he *must* lose one thousand pounds, and he *might* lose two. Well, well," continued Goren, with a sanctified expression; "I would sooner see

those real fools here, than the confounded scoundrels, who pillage one under a false appearance. Never, Mr. Pelham, trust to a man at a gaming-house; the honestest look hides the worst sharper! Shall you try your luck to-night?"

"No," said I, "I shall only look on."

Goren sauntered to the table, and sat down next to a rich young man, of the best temper and the worst luck in the world. After a few throws, Goren said to him, "Lord ——, do put your money aside—you have so much on the table, that it interferes with mine—and that is really *so* unpleasant. Suppose you put some of it in your pocket."

Lord —— took a handful of notes, and stuffed them carelessly in his coat pocket. Five minutes afterwards I saw Goren insert his hand, *empty*, in his neighbour's pocket, and bring it out *full*—and half an hour afterwards he handed over a fifty pound note to the marker, saying, "There, Sir, is my debt to you. God bless me, Lord ——, how you *have* won; I wish you would

not leave all your money about—do put it in your pocket with the rest."

Lord ——— (who had perceived the trick, though he was too indolent to resent it), laughed. "No, no, Goren," said he, "you must let me *keep some!*"

Goren coloured, and soon after rose. "D—n my luck!" said he, as he passed me. "I wonder I continue to play—but there are such sharpers in the room. Avoid a gaming house, Mr. Pelham, if you wish to live."

"And *let* live," thought I.

I was just going away, when I heard a loud laugh on the stairs, and immediately afterwards Thornton entered, joking with one of the markers. He did not see me; but approaching the table, drew out the identical twenty pound note I had given him, and asked for change with the air of a *millionaire.* I did not wait to witness his fortune, good or ill; I cared too little about it. I descended the stairs, and the servant, on opening the door for me, admitted Sir John Tyrrell.

"What," I thought, "is the habit *still* so strong?" We stopped each other, and after a few words of greeting, I went, once more, up stairs with him.

Thornton was playing as eagerly with his small quota, as Lord C—— with his ten thousands. He nodded with an affected air of familiarity to Tyrrell, who returned his salutation with the most supercilious hauteur; and very soon afterwards the baronet was utterly engrossed by the chances of the game. I had, however, satisfied my curiosity, in ascertaining that there was no longer any intimacy between him and Thornton, and accordingly once more I took my departure.

## CHAPTER XIX.

——— The times have been
That when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end—but now they rise again.
*Macbeth.*

It was a strange thing to see a man like Glanville, with costly tastes, luxurious habits, great talents, peculiarly calculated for display, courted by the highest members of the state, admired for his beauty and genius by half the women in London, yet living in the most ascetic seclusion from his kind, and indulging in the darkest and most morbid despondency. No female was ever seen to win even his momentary glance of admiration. All the senses seemed to have lost, for his palate, their customary allurements. He lived among his books, and seemed to make his favourite companions

amidst the past. At nearly all hours of the night he was awake, and occupied, and at day-break his horses were always brought to his door. He rode alone for several hours, and then, on his return, he was employed, till the hour he went to the House, in the affairs and politics of the day. Ever since his *début*, he had entered with much constancy into the more leading debates, and his speeches were invariably of the same commanding order which had characterised his first.

It was singular that, in his parliamentary display, as in his ordinary conversation, there were none of the wild and speculative opinions, or the burning enthusiasm of romance, in which the natural inclination of his mind seemed so essentially to delight. His arguments were always remarkable for the soundness of the principles on which they were based, and the logical clearness with which they were expressed. The feverish fervour of his temperament was, it is true, occasionally shown in a remarkable energy of delivery, or a sudden and unexpected burst of the more impetuous powers of

oratory; but these were so evidently natural and spontaneous, and so happily adapted to be impressive of the subject, rather than irrelevant from its bearings, that they never displeased even the oldest and coldest cynics, and calculators of the House.

It is no uncommon contradiction in human nature (and in Glanville it seemed peculiarly prominent) to find men of imagination and genius gifted with the strongest common sense, for the admonition or benefit of *others*, even while constantly neglecting to exert it for themselves. He was soon marked out as the most promising and important of all the junior members of the House, and the coldness with which he kept aloof from social intercourse with the party he adopted, only served to increase their respect, though it prevented their affection.

Lady Roseville's attachment to him was scarcely a secret; the celebrity of her name in the world of *ton* made her least look or action the constant subject of present remark and after conversation; and there were too many moments, even in the

watchful publicity of society, when that charming but imprudent person forgot every thing but the romance of her attachment. Glanville seemed not only perfectly untouched by it, but even wholly unconscious of its existencc, and preserved invariably, whenever he was forced into the crowd, the same stern, cold, unsympathizing reserve, which made him, at once, an object of universal conversation and dislike.

Three weeks after Glanville's first speech in the House, I called upon him, with a proposal from Lord Dawton. After we had discussed it, we spoke on more familiar topics, and at last, he mentioned Thornton. It will be observed that we had never conversed respecting that person; nor had Glanville once alluded to our former meetings, or to his disguised appearance and false appellation at Paris. Whatever might be the mystery, it was evidently of a painful nature, and it was not, therefore, for me to allude to it. This day he spoke of Thornton with a tone of indifference.

"The man," he said, "I have known for some

time; he was useful to me abroad, and, notwithstanding his character, I rewarded him well for his services. He has since applied to me several times for money, which is spent at the gambling-house as soon as it is obtained. I believe him to be leagued with a gang of sharpers, of the lowest description; and I am really unwilling any farther to supply the vicious necessities of himself and his comrades. He is a mean, mercenary, rascal, who would scruple at no enormity, provided he was paid for it!"

Glanville paused for a few moments, and then added, while his cheek blushed, and his voice seemed somewhat hesitating and embarrassed—

"You remember Mr. Tyrrell at Paris?"

"Yes," said I—"he is, at present, in London, and —." Glanville started as if he had been shot.

"No, no," he exclaimed, wildly—"he died at Paris, from want—from starvation."

"You are mistaken," said I; "he is now Sir John Tyrrell, and possessed of considerable property. I saw him myself, three weeks ago."

Glanville laid his hand upon my arm, and grasped it so firmly that the mark remained there for days afterwards. He looked in my face with a long, stern, prying gaze, and his cheek grew more ghastly and livid with every moment. At last he turned, and muttered something between his teeth; and at that moment the door opened, and Thornton was announced. Glanville sprung towards him, and seized him by the throat!

"Dog!" he cried, "you have deceived me—Tyrrell lives!"

"Hands off!" cried the gamester, with a savage grin of defiance—"hands off! or by the Lord that made me you shall have gripe for gripe!"

"Ho, wretch!" said Glanville, shaking him violently, while his worn and slender, yet still muscular and powerful frame, trembled with the excess of his passion; "dost thou dare to threaten me!" and with these words he flung Thornton against the opposite wall with such force, that the blood gushed out of his mouth and nostrils. The

gambler rose slowly, and wiping the blood from his face, fixed his malignant and fiery eye upon his aggressor, with an expression of collected hate and vengeance, that made my very blood creep.

"It is not my day *now*," he said, with a calm, quiet, cold voice, and then, suddenly changing his manner, he approached me with a sort of bow, and made some remark on the weather.

Meanwhile, Glanville had sunk on the sofa, exhausted, less by his late effort than the convulsive passion which had produced it. He rose in a few moments, and said to Thornton, "Pardon my violence; let this pay your bruises;" and he placed a long and apparently well filled purse, in Thornton's hand. That veritable philosopher took it with the same air as a dog receives the first caress from the hand which has just chastised him; and feeling the purse between his short hard fingers, as if to ascertain the soundness of its condition, quietly slid it into his breeches pocket, which he then buttoned with care, and pulling his waistcoat down, as if for further protection to the deposit,

he turned towards Glanville, and said, in his usual quaint style of vulgarity—

"Least said, Sir Reginald, the soonest mended. Gold is a good plaster for bad bruises. Now, then, your will;—ask and I will answer, unless you think Mr. Pelham *un de trop*."

I was already at the door, with the intention of leaving the room, when Glanville cried, "Stay, Pelham, I have but one question to ask Mr. Thornton. Is John Tyrrell still living?"

"He is!" answered Thornton, with a sardonic smile.

"And beyond all want?" resumed Glanville.

"He is!" was the tautological reply.

"Mr. Thornton," said Glanville, with a calm voice, "I have now done with you—you may leave the room!"

Thornton bowed with an air of ironical respect, and obeyed the command.

I turned to look at Glanville. His countenance, always better adapted to a stern, than a soft expression, was perfectly fearful; every

line in it seemed dug into a furrow; the brows were bent over his large and flashing eyes with a painful intensity of anger and resolve; his teeth were clenched firmly as if by a vice, and the thin upper lip, which was drawn from them with a bitter curl of scorn, was as white as death. His right hand had closed upon the back of the massy chair, over which his tall nervous frame leant, and was grasping it with an iron force, which it could not support: it snapped beneath his hand like a hazel stick. This accident, slight as it was, recalled him to himself. He apologized with apparent self-possession for his disorder; and, after a few words of fervent and affectionate farewell on my part, I left him to the solitude which I knew he desired.

## CHAPTER XX.

While I seemed only intent upon pleasure, I locked in my heart the consciousness and vanity of power; in the levity of the lip, I disguised the knowledge and the workings of the brain; and I looked, as with a gifted eye upon the mysteries of the hidden depths, while I seemed to float an idler with the herd only upon the surface of the stream.

FALKLAND.

As I walked home, revolving the scene I had witnessed, the words of Tyrrell came into my recollection—*viz.* that the cause of Glanville's dislike to him had arisen in Tyrrell's greater success in some youthful *liaison*. In this account I could not see much probability. In the first place, the cause was not sufficient to produce such an effect; and, in the second, there was little likelihood that the young and rich Glanville, possessed of the most various accomplishments, and the most remarkable personal beauty, should be supplanted by a needy

spendthrift (as Tyrrell at that time was), of coarse manners, and unpolished mind; with a person not, indeed, unprepossessing, but somewhat touched by time, and never more comparable to Glanville's than that of the Satyr to Hyperion.

While I was meditating over a mystery which excited my curiosity more powerfully than anything, not relating to himself, ought ever to occupy the attention of a wise man, I was accosted by Vincent: the difference in our politics had of late much dissevered us, and when he took my arm, and drew me up Bond Street, I was somewhat surprised at his condescension.

"Listen to me, Pelham," he said; "once more I offer you a settlement in our colony. There will be great changes soon: trust me, so radical a party as that you have adopted can never come in: our's, on the contrary, is no less moderate than liberal. This is the last time of asking; for I know you will soon have exposed your opinions in public more openly than you have yet done, and then it

will be too late. At present I hold with Hudibras, and the antients, that it is—

> "'More honourable far, *servare*
> *Civem* than slay an adversary.'"

"Alas, Vincent," said I, "I am marked out for slaughter, for you cannot convince me by words, and so, I suppose, you must conquer me by blows. Adieu, this is my way to Lord Dawton's: where are you going?"

"To mount my horse, and join the *parcæ* juventus," said Vincent, with a laugh at his own witticism, as we shook hands, and parted.

I grieve much, my beloved reader, that I cannot unfold to thee all the particulars of my political intrigue. I am, by the very share which fell to my lot, bound over to the strictest secrecy, as to its nature, and the characters of the chief agents in its execution. Suffice it to say, that the greater part of my time was, though furtively, employed in a sort of home diplomacy, gratifying alike to the activity of my tastes, and the vanity of my mind,

and there were moments when I ventured to grasp in my imagination the highest honours of the state, and the most lucrative offices of power. I had filled Dawton, and his coadjutors, with an exaggerated opinion of my abilities; but I knew well how to sustain it. I rose by candle-light, and consumed, in the intensest application, the hours which every other individual of our party wasted in enervating slumbers, from the hesternal dissipation or debauch. Was there a question in political economy debated, mine was the readiest and the clearest reply. Did a period in our constitution become investigated, it was I to whom the duty of expositor was referred. From Madame D'Anville, with whom (though lost as a lover) I constantly corresponded as a friend, I obtained the earliest and most accurate detail of the prospects and manœuvres of the court in which her life was spent, and in whose more secret offices her husband was employed. I spared no means of extending my knowledge of every the minutest point which could add to the reputation I enjoyed. I made

myself acquainted with the individual interests and exact circumstances of all whom it was our object to intimidate or to gain. It was I who brought to the House the younger and idler members, whom no more nominally powerful agent could allure from the ball-room or the gaming-house.

In short, while, by the dignity of my birth, and the independent hauteur of my bearing, I preserved the rank of an equal amongst the highest of the set, I did not scruple to take upon myself the labour and activity of the most subordinate. Dawton declared me his right hand; and, though I knew myself rather his head than his hand, I pretended to feel proud of the appellation. In truth, I only waited for my *entrée* into the House, to fix my eye and grasp upon the very situation that nobleman coveted for himself.

Meanwhile, it was my pleasure to wear in society the coxcombical and eccentric costume of character I had first adopted, and to cultivate the arts which won from women the smile which

cheered and encouraged me in my graver contest with men. It was only to Ellen Glanville, that I laid aside an affectation, which I knew was little likely to attract a taste so refined and unadulterated as her's. I discovered in her a mind which, while it charmed me by its tenderness and freshness, elevated me by its loftiness of thought. She was, at heart, perhaps, as ambitious as myself; but while my aspirations were concealed by affectation, her's were softened by her timidity, and purified by her religion. There were moments when I opened myself to her, and caught a new spirit from her look of sympathy and enthusiasm.

"Yes," thought I, "I do long for honours, but it is that I may ask her to share and ennoble them." In fine, I loved as other men loved—and I fancied a perfection in her, and vowed an emulation in myself, which it was reserved for Time to ratify or deride.

Where did I leave myself? as the Irishman said—on my road to Lord Dawton's. I was lucky enough to find that personage at home; he was

writing at a table covered with pamphlets and books of reference.

"Hush! Pelham," said his lordship, who is a quiet, grave, meditative little man, always ruminating on a very small cud—"hush! or *do* oblige me by looking over this history, to find out the date of the Council of Pisa."

"That will do, my young friend," said his lordship—after I had replied to his query—"I wish to Heaven, I could finish this pamphlet by to-morrow: it is intended as an answer to ——. But I am so perplexed with business, that—"

"Perhaps," said I, "if you will pardon my interrupting you, I can throw your observations together—make your Sibylline leaves into a book. Your lordship will find the matter, and I will not spare the trouble."

Lord Dawton was profuse in his thanks; he explained the subject, and left the arrangement wholly to me. He could not presume to dictate. I promised him, if he lent me the necessary

books, to finish the pamphlet against the following evening.

"And now," said Lord Dawton—"that we have settled this affair—what news from France?"—

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"I wish," sighed Lord Dawton, as we were calculating our forces, "that we could gain over Lord Guloseton."

"What, the facetious epicure?" said I.

"The same," answered Dawton: "we want him as a dinner-giver; and, besides, he has four votes in the Lower House."

"Well," said I, "he is indolent and independent—it is not impossible."

"Do you know him?" answered Dawton.

"No:" said I.

Dawton sighed.—"And young A—— ?" said the statesman, after a pause.

"Has an expensive mistress, and races. Your

lordship might be sure of him, were you in power, and sure not to have him while you are out of it."

"And B ?" rejoined Dawton.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

Mangez-vous bien, Monsieur?
Oui, et bois encore mieux.
*Mons. de Porceaugnac.*

My short pamphlet took prodigiously. The authorship was attributed to the most talented member of the opposition; and though there were many errors in style, and (I *now* think) many sophisms in the reasoning, yet it carried the end proposed by all ambition of whatever species—and imposed upon the taste of the public.

Sometime afterwards, I was going down the stairs at Almack's, when I heard an altercation, high and grave, at the door of reception. To my surprise, I found Lord Guloseton and a very young man in great wrath; the latter had never

been to Almack's before, and had forgotten his ticket. Guloseton, who belonged to a very different set to that of the Almackians, insisted that his word was enough to bear his juvenile companion through. The ticket inspector was irate and obdurate, and having seldom or ever seen Lord Guloseton himself, paid very little respect to his authority.

As I was wrapping myself in my cloak, Guloseton turned to me, for passion makes men open their hearts; too eager for an opportunity of acquiring the epicure's acquaintance, I offered to get his friend admittance in an instant; the offer was delightedly accepted, and I soon procured a small piece of pencilled paper from Lady ——, which effectually silenced the Charon, and opened the Stygian via to the Elysium beyond.

Guloseton overwhelmed me with his thanks. I remounted the stairs with him—took every opportunity of ingratiating myself—received an invitation to dinner on the following day, and left Willis's transported at the goodness of my fortune.

At the hour of eight on the ensuing evening, I had just made my entrance into Lord Guloseton's drawing-room. It was a small apartment, furnished with great luxury and some taste. A Venus of Titian's was placed over the chimney-piece, in all the gorgeous voluptuousness of her unveiled beauty—the pouting lip, not *silent* though *shut*—the eloquent lid drooping over the eye, whose *réveille* you could so easily imagine—the arms—the limbs—the attitude, so composed, yet so redolent of life—all seemed to indicate that sleep was not forgetfulness, and that the dreams of the goddess were not wholly inharmonious with the waking realities in which it was her gentle prerogative to indulge. On either side, was a picture of the delicate and golden hues of Claude; these were the only landscapes in the room; the remaining pictures were more suitable to the Venus of the luxurious Italian. Here was one of the beauties of Sir Peter Lely; there was an admirable copy of the Hero and Leander. On the table lay the

Basia of Johannes Secundus, and a few French works on Gastronomy.

As for the *genius loci*—you must imagine a middle-sized, middle-aged man, with an air rather of delicate than florid health. But little of the effects of his good cheer were apparent in the external man. His cheeks were neither swollen nor inflated—his person though not thin, was of no unwieldy obesity—the tip of his nasal organ, was, it is true, of a more ruby tinge than the rest, and one carbuncle, of tender age and gentle dyes, diffused its mellow and moonlight influence over the physiognomical scenery—his forehead was high and bald, and the few locks which still rose above it, were carefully and gracefully curled *à l'Antique*. Beneath a pair of grey shaggy brows, (which their noble owner had a strange habit of raising and depressing, according to the nature of his *horrosques*,) rolled two very small, piercing, arch, restless orbs, of a tender green, and the mouth, which was wide and thick-lipped, was expressive of great

sensuality, and curved upwards in a perpetual smile.

Such was Lord Guloseton. To my surprise no other guest but myself appeared.

" A new friend," said he, as we descended into the dining-room, " is like a new dish—one must have him all to oneself, thoroughly to enjoy and rightly to understand him."

" A noble precept," said I, with enthusiasm. " Of all vices, indiscriminate hospitality is the most pernicious. It allows us neither conversation nor dinner, and realizing the mythological fable of Tantalus, gives us starvation in the midst of plenty."

" You are right," said Guloseton, solemnly; " I never ask above six persons to dinner, and I never dine out; for a bad dinner, Mr. Pelham, a bad dinner is a most serious—I may add, *the* most serious calamity."

" Yes," I replied, " for it carries with it no consolation: a buried friend may be replaced—a lost mistress renewed—a slandered character be reco-

vered—even a broken constitution restored; but a dinner, once lost, is irremediable; that day is for ever departed; an appetite once thrown away can never, till the cruel prolixity of the gastric agents is over, be regained. '*Il y a tant de maîtresses*, (says the admirable Corneille), "*il n'y a qu'un dîner*.'"

"You speak like an oracle—*like the Cook's Oracle*, Mr. Pelham; may I send you some soup, it is *à la Carmelite?* But what are you about to do with that case?"

"It contains" (said I) "my spoon, my knife, and my fork. Nature afflicted me with a propensity, which through these machines I have endeavoured to remedy by art. I eat with *too great a rapidity*. It is a most unhappy failing, for one often hurries over in *one* minute, what ought to have afforded the fullest delight for the period of *five*. It is, indeed, a vice which deadens enjoyment, as well as abbreviates it; it is a shameful waste of the gifts, and a melancholy perversion of the bounty, of Providence; my conscience tor-

mented me; but the habit, fatally indulged in early childhood, was not easy to overcome. At last I resolved to construct a spoon of peculiarly shallow dimensions, a fork so small, that it could only raise a certain portion to my mouth, and a knife rendered blunt and jagged, so that it required a proper and just time to carve the goods 'the gods provide me.' My lord, 'the lovely Thais sits beside me' in the form of a bottle of Madeira. Suffer me to take wine with you?"

"With pleasure, my good friend; let us drink to the memory of the Carmelites, to whom we are indebted for this inimitable soup."

"Yes!" I cried. "Let *us* for once shake off the prejudices of sectarian faith, and do justice to one order of those incomparable men, who, retiring from the cares of an idle and sinful world, gave themselves with undivided zeal and attention to the theory and practice of the profound science of gastronomy. It is reserved for us, my lord, to pay a grateful tribute of memory to those exalted recluses, who,

through a long period of barbarism and darkness, preserved, in the solitude of their cloisters, whatever of Roman luxury and classic dainties have come down to this later age. We will drink to the Carmelites as a sect, but we will drink also to the monks as a body. Had we lived in those days, we had been monks ourselves."

"It is singular," answered Lord Guloseton—"(by the by, what think you of this turbot?)—to trace the history of the kitchen; it affords the greatest scope to the philosopher and the moralist. The ancients seemed to have been more mental, more imaginative, than us in their dishes; they fed their bodies as well as their minds upon delusion: for instance, they esteemed beyond all price the tongues of nightingales, because they tasted the very music of the birds in the organs of their utterance. That is what I call the poetry of gastronomy!"

"Yes," said I, with a sigh, "they certainly had, in some respects, the advantage over us. Who can pore over the suppers of Apicius with-

out the fondest regret? The venerable Ude* implies, that the study has not progressed. 'Cookery (he says, in the first part of his work) possesses but few innovators.' "

" It is with the greatest diffidence," said Guloseton, (his mouth full of truth and turbot), "that we may dare to differ from so great an authority. Indeed, so high is my veneration for that wise man, that if all the evidence of my sense and reason were on one side, and the dictum of the great Ude upon the other, I should be inclined—I think, I *should be determined*—to relinquish the former, and adopt the latter."†

" Bravo, my lord," cried I, warmly. " '*Qu'un Cuisinier est un mortel divin!*' Why should we not be proud of our knowledge in cookery? It is the soul of festivity at all times, and to all ages. How many marriages have been the consequence of meeting at dinner? How much good fortune has been the result of a good supper? At

* Q.—The venerable Bede.—*Printer's Devil.*

† See the speech of Mr. Brougham in honour of Mr. Fox.

what moment of our existence are we happier than at table? There hatred and animosity are lulled to sleep, and pleasure alone reigns. Here the cook, by his skill and attention, anticipates our wishes in the happiest selection of the best dishes and decorations. Here our wants are satisfied, our minds and bodies invigorated, and ourselves qualified for the high delights of love, music, poetry, dancing, and other pleasures; and is he, whose talents have produced these happy effects, to rank no higher in the scale of man than a common servant?*

"'Yes,' cries the venerable professor himself, in a virtuous and prophetic paroxysm of indignant merit — 'yes, my disciples, if you adopt, and attend to the rules I have laid down, the self-love of mankind will consent at last, that cookery shall rank in the class of the sciences, and its professors deserve the name of artists!'"†

"My dear, dear Sir," exclaimed Guloseton, with a kindred glow, "I discover in you a spirit

* Ude, verbatim. † Ibid.

similar to my own. Let us drink long life to the venerable Ude!"

"I pledge you, with all my soul," said I, filling my glass to the brim.

"What a pity," rejoined Guloseton, "that Ude, whose *practical* science was so perfect, should ever have written, or suffered others to write, the work published under his name; true it is that the opening part which you have so feelingly recited, is composed with a grace, a charm beyond the reach of art; but the instructions are vapid, and frequently so erroneous, as to make me suspect their authenticity; but, after all, cooking is not capable of becoming a written science—it is the philosophy of practice!"

"Ah! by Lucullus," exclaimed I, interrupting my host, "what a visionary *béchamelle!* Oh, the inimitable sauce; these chickens are indeed worthy of the honour of being dressed. Never, my lord, as long as you live, eat a chicken in the country; excuse a pun, you will have *foul* fare."

" 'J'ai toujours redouté la volaille perfide,
Qui brave les efforts d'une dent intrépide ;
Souvent par un ami, dans ses champs entraîné,
J'ai reconnu le soir le coq infortuné
Qui m'avait le matin à l'aurore naissante
Réveillé brusquement de sa voix glapissante;
Je l'avais admiré dans le sein de la cour,
Avec des yeux jaloux, j'avais vu son amour.
Hélas! le malheureux, abjurant sa tendresse,
Exerçait à souper sa fureur vengeresse.'

Pardon the prolixity of my quotation for the sake of its value."

"I do, I do," answered Guloseton, laughing at the humour of the lines; till, suddenly checking himself, he said, "we must be grave, Mr. Pelham, it will never do to laugh. What would become of our digestions?"

"True," said I, relapsing into seriousness; "and if you will allow me one more quotation, you will see what my author adds with regard to any abrupt interruption.

" 'Défendez que personne au milieu d'un banquet,
Ne vous vienne donner un avis indiscret,
Ecartez ce fâcheux qui vers vous s'achemine,
Rien ne doit déranger l'honnête homme qui dîne.' "

"Admirable advice," said Guloseton, toying with a *filet mignon de poulet.* "Do you remember an example in the Bailly of Suffren, who, being in India, was waited upon by a deputation of natives while he was at dinner. 'Tell them,' said he, 'that the Christian religion peremptorily forbids every Christian, while at table, to occupy himself with any earthly subject, except the function of eating.' The deputation retired in the profoundest respect at the exceeding devotion of the French general."

"Well," said I, after we had chuckled gravely and quietly, with the care of our digestion before us, for a few minutes—"well, however good the invention was, the idea is not entirely new, for the Greeks esteemed eating and drinking plentifully, a sort of offering to the gods; and Aristotle explains the very word, Θοιναι, or feasts, by an etymological exposition, '*that it was thought a duty to the gods to be drunk;*' no bad idea of our classical patterns of antiquity. Polypheme, too, in the Cyclops of Euripides, no doubt a very sound the-

ologian, says, his stomach is his only deity; and Xenophon tells us, that as the Athenians exceeded all other people in the number of their gods, so they exceeded them also in the number of their feasts. May I send your lordship an ortolan?"

"Pelham, my boy," said Guloseton, whose eyes began to roll and twinkle with a brilliancy suited to the various liquids which ministered to their rejoicing orbs; "I love you for your classics. Polypheme was a wise fellow, a very wise fellow, and it was a terrible shame in Ulysses to put out his eye. No wonder that the ingenious savage made a deity of his stomach; to what known and visible source, on this earth, was he indebted for a keener enjoyment—a more rapturous and a more constant delight? No wonder he honoured it with his gratitude, and supplied it with his peace-offerings;—let us imitate so great an example;—let us make our digestive receptacles a temple, to which we will consecrate the choicest goods we possess;—let us conceive no pecuniary sacrifice too great, which procures for our altar an acceptable

gift;—let us deem it an impiety to hesitate, if a sauce seems extravagant, or an ortolan too dear; and let our last act in this sublunary existence, be a solemn festival in honour of our unceasing benefactor."

"Amen to your creed," said I: "edibilatory Epicurism holds the key to all morality: for do we not see now how sinful it is to yield to an obscene and exaggerated intemperance?—would it not be to the last degree ungrateful to the great source of our enjoyment, to overload it with a weight which would oppress it with languor, or harass it with pain; and finally to drench away the effects of our impiety with some nauseous potation which revolts it, tortures it, convulses, irritates, enfeebles it through every particle of its system? How wrong in us to give way to anger, jealousy, revenge, or any evil passion; for does not all that affects the mind operate also upon the stomach, and how can we be so vicious, so obdurate, as to forget for a momentary indulgence, our debt to what you have so justly designated our perpetual benefactor?"

"Right," said Lord Guloseton, "a bumper to the morality of the stomach."

The dessert was now on the table. "I have dined well," said Guloseton, stretching his legs with an air of supreme satisfaction; "but—" and here my philosopher sighed deeply—"we cannot *dine again till to-morrow!* Happy, happy, happy common people, who can eat supper! Would to Heaven, that I might have one boon—perpetual appetite—a digestive Houri, which renewed its virginity every time it was touched. Alas! for the instability of human enjoyment. But now that we have no immediate hope to anticipate, let us cultivate the pleasures of memory. What thought you of the *veau à la Dauphine?*"

"Pardon me if I hesitate at giving my opinion, till I have corrected my judgment by yours."

"Why, then, I own I was somewhat displeased—disappointed as it were—with that dish; the fact is, veal ought to be killed in its very first infancy; they suffer it to grow to too great an age. It becomes a sort of *hobbydehoy*, and possesses nothing

of veal but its insipidity, nor of beef, but its toughness."

"Yes," said I, "it is only in their veal, that the French surpass us; their other meats want the ruby juices and elastic freshness of ours. Monsieur L—— allowed this truth, with a candour worthy of his vast mind. *Mon Dieu!* what claret!—what a body! and, let me add, what a *soul*, beneath it! Who would *drink* wine like this? it is only made to *taste*. It is like first love—too pure for the eagerness of enjoyment; the rapture it inspires is in a touch, a kiss. It is a pity, my lord, that we do not serve perfumes at dessert: it is their appropriate place. In confectionary (delicate invention of the Sylphs), we imitate the forms of the rose and the jessamine; why not their odours too? What is nature without its scents?—and as long as they are absent from our desserts, it is in vain that the Bard exclaims, that—

—— "'L'observateur de la belle Nature,
S'extasie en voyant des fleurs en confiture.'"

"It is an exquisite idea of yours," said Gulose-

ton—" and the next time you dine here, we will have perfumes. Dinner ought to be a reunion of all the senses—

"'Gladness to the ear, nerve, heart, and sense.'"

There was a momentary pause. "My lord," said I, "what a lusty lusciousness in this pear! it is like the style of the old English poets. What think you of the seeming good understanding between Mr. Gaskell and the Whigs?"

"I trouble myself little about it," replied Guloseton, helping himself to some preserves—"politics disturb the digestion."

"Well," thought I, "I must ascertain some point in this man's character easier to handle than his epicurism; all men are vain: let us find out the peculiar vanity of mine host."

"The Tories," said I, "seem to think themselves exceedingly secure; they attach no importance to the neutral members: it was but the other day, Lord —— told me that he did not care a straw for Mr. ——, notwithstanding he

possessed *four* votes. Heard you ever such arrogance?"

"No, indeed," said Guloseton, with a lazy air of indifference—"are you a favourer of the olive?"

"No," said I, "I love it not; it hath an under taste of sourness, and an upper of oil, which do not make harmony to my palate. But, as I was saying, the Whigs, on the contrary, pay the utmost deference to their partizans; and a man of fortune, rank, and parliamentary influence, might have all the power without the trouble of a leader."

"Very likely," said Guloseton, drowsily.

"I must change my battery," thought I; but while I was meditating a new attack, the following note was brought me:—

"For God's sake, Pelham, come out to me, I am waiting in the street to see you; come directly, or it will be too late to render me the service I would ask of you.

"R. Glanville."

I rose instantly. "You must excuse me, Lord Guloseton, I am called suddenly away."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the gourmand; "some tempting viand—*post prandia Callirhoe.*"

"My good lord," said I, not heeding his insinuation—"I leave you with the greatest regret."

"And I part from you with the same; it is a real pleasure to see such a person at dinner."

"Adieu! my host—'*Je vais vivre et manger en sage.*'"

## CHAPTER XXII.

I do defy him, and I spit at him,
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain—
Which to maintain I will allow him odds.
SHAKSPEARE.

I FOUND Glanville walking before the door with a rapid and uneven step.

"Thank Heaven!" he said, when he saw me—"I have been twice to Mivart's to find you. The second time, I saw your servant, who told me where you were gone. I knew you well enough to be sure of your kindness."

Glanville broke off abruptly: and after a short pause, said, with a quick, low, hurried tone—"The office I wish you to take upon yourself is this:—go immediately to Sir John Tyrrell, with a challenge from me. Ever since I last saw you, I have

been hunting out that man, and in vain. He had then left town. He returned this evening, and quits it to-morrow: you have no time to lose."

"My dear Glanville," said I, "I have no wish to learn any secret you would conceal from me; but forgive me if I ask for some further instructions than those you have afforded me. Upon what plea am I to call out Sir John Tyrrell? and what answer am I to give to any excuses he may create?"

"I have anticipated your reply," said Glanville, with ill-subdued impatience; "you have only to give this paper: it will prevent all discussion. Read it if you will; I have left it unsealed for that purpose. I cast my eyes over the lines Glanville thrust into my hand; they ran thus:—

"The time has, at length, come for me to demand the atonement so long delayed. The bearer of this, who is, probably, known to you, will arrange with any person you may appoint, the hour and place of our meeting. He is unacquainted

with the grounds of my complaint against you, but he is satisfied of my honour: your second, will, I presume, be the same with respect to *yours*. It is for me only to question the latter, and to declare you solemnly to be void alike of principle and courage, a villain, and a poltroon.

"REGINALD GLANVILLE."

"You are my first friend," said I, when I had read this soothing epistle; "and I will not flinch from the place you assign me; but I tell you fairly and frankly, that I would sooner cut off my right hand than suffer it to give this note to Sir John Tyrrell."

Glanville made no answer; we walked on till he stopped suddenly, and said, "My carriage is at the corner of the street; you must go instantly; Tyrrell lodges at the Clarendon; you will find me at home on your return."

I pressed his hand, and hurried on my mission. It was, I own, one peculiarly unwelcome and displeasing. In the first place, I did not love to be

made a party in a business of the nature of which I was so profoundly ignorant. Besides, Glanville was more dear to me than any one, judging only of my external character, would suppose; and constitutionally indifferent as I am to danger for myself, I trembled like a woman, at the peril I was instrumental in bringing upon him. But what weighed upon me far more than either of these reflections, was the recollection of Ellen. Should her brother fall in an engagement in which I was his supposed adviser, with what success could I hope for those feelings from her, which, at present, constituted the tenderest and the brightest of my hopes? In the midst of these disagreeable ideas the carriage stopped at the door of Tyrrell's Hotel.

The waiter said Sir John was in the coffee-room; thither I immediately marched. Seated in the box nearest the fire sat Tyrrell, and two men, of that old-fashioned *roué* set, whose members indulged in debauchery, as if it were an attribute of manliness, and esteemed it as long as it were hearty and English, rather a virtue to boast of,

than a vice to disown. Tyrrell nodded to me familiarly as I approached him; and I saw, by the half-emptied bottles before him, and the flush of his sallow countenance, that he had not been sparing of his libations. I whispered that I wished to speak to him on a subject of great importance; he rose with much reluctance, and, after swallowing a large tumbler-full of port wine to fortify him for the task, he led the way to a small room, where he seated himself, and asked me, with his usual mixture of bluntness, and good-breeding, the nature of my business. I made him no reply: I contented myself with placing Glanville's *billet doux* in his hand. The room was dimly lighted with a single candle, and the small and capricious fire, near which the gambler was seated, threw its *upward* light, by starts and intervals, over the strong features and deep lines of his countenance. It would have been a study worthy of Rembrandt.

I drew my chair near him, and half shading my eyes with my hand, sat down in silence to mark the effect the letter would produce. Tyrrell (I

imagine) was a man originally of hardy nerves, and had been thrown much in the various situations of life where the disguise of all outward emotion is easily and insensibly taught; but whether his frame had been shattered by his excesses, or that the insulting language of the note touched him to the quick, he seemed perfectly unable to govern his feelings; the lines were written hastily, and the light, as I said before, was faint and imperfect, and he was forced to pause over each word as he proceeded, so that "the iron had full time to enter into his soul."

Passion, however, developed itself differently in him than in Glanville; in the latter, it was a rapid transition of powerful feelings, one angry wave dashing over another; it was the passion of a strong and keenly susceptible mind, to which every sting was a dagger, and which used the force of a giant to dash away the insect which attacked it. In Tyrrell, it was passion acting on a callous mind but a broken frame—his hand trembled violently—his voice faltered—he could scarcely command

the muscles which enabled him to speak; but there was no fiery start—no indignant burst—no flashing forth of the soul; in him, it was the body overcoming and paralyzing the mind. In Glanville it was the mind governing and convulsing the body.

"Mr. Pelham," he said at last, after a few preliminary efforts to clear his voice, "this note requires some consideration. I know not at present whom to appoint as my second—will you call upon me early to-morrow?"

"I am sorry," said I, "that my sole instructions were to get an immediate answer from you. Surely either of the gentlemen I saw with you would officiate as your second?"

Tyrrell made no reply for some moments. He was endeavouring to compose himself, and in some measure he succeeded. He raised his head with a haughty air of defiance, and tearing the paper deliberately, though still with uncertain and trembling fingers, he stamped his foot upon the atoms.

"Tell your principal," said he, "that I retort

upon him, the foul and false words he has uttered against me; that I trample upon his assertions with the same scorn I feel towards himself; and that before this hour to-morrow, I will confront him *to* death as through life. For the rest, Mr. Pelham, I cannot name my second till the morning; leave me your address, and you shall hear from me before you are stirring. Have you any thing farther with me?"

"Nothing," said I, laying my card on the table. "I have fulfilled the most ungrateful charge ever entrusted to me. I wish you good night."

I re-entered the carriage, and drove to Glanvilles. I broke into the room rather abruptly; Glanville was leaning on the table, and gazing intently on a small miniature. A pistol-case lay beside him: one of the pistols in order for use, and the other still unarranged; the room was, as usual, covered with books and papers, and on the costly cushions of the ottoman, lay the large, black dog, which I remembered well as his companion of yore, and which he kept with him constantly, as the

only thing in the world, whose society he could at all times bear; the animal lay curled up, with its quick, black eye fixed watchfully upon its master, and directly I entered, he uttered, though without moving, a low, warning growl.

Glanville looked up, and in some confusion thrust the picture into a drawer of the table, and asked me my news. I told him word for word what had passed. Glanville set his teeth, and clenched his hand firmly; and then, as if his anger was at once appeased, he suddenly changed the subject and tone of our conversation. He spoke with great cheerfulness and humour, on the various topics of the day; touched upon politics; laughed at Lord Guloseton, and seemed as indifferent and unconscious of the event of the morrow as my peculiar constitution would have rendered myself.

When I rose to depart, for I had too great an interest in *him*, to feel much for the subjects he conversed on, he said, "I shall write one line to my mother, and another to my poor

sister: you will deliver them if I fall, for I have sworn that one of us shall not quit the ground alive. I shall be all impatience to know the hour you will arrange with Tyrrell's second. God bless you, and farewell for the present."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Charge, Chester, charge!

MARMION.

Though this was one of the first *mercantile* transactions of my life, I had no doubt ab ut acquitting myself with reputation.

*Vicar of Wakefield.*

THE next morning I was at breakfast, when a packet was brought me from Tyrrell; it contained a sealed letter to Glanville, and a brief note to myself. The latter I transcribe:—

"MY DEAR SIR,

"The enclosed letter to Sir Reginald Glanville, will explain my reasons for not keeping my pledge: suffice it to state to you, that they are such as wholly to exonerate me, and fairly to satisfy Sir Reginald. It will be useless to call upon me; I

leave town before you will receive this. Respect for myself obliges me to add that, although there are circumstances to forbid my meeting Sir Reginald Glanville, there are none to prevent my demanding satisfaction of any one, *whoever he may be*, who shall deem himself authorized to call my motives into question.

"I have the honour, &c.

"JOHN TYRRELL."

It was not till I had thrice read this letter, that I could credit its contents. From all I had seen of Tyrrell's character, I had no reason to suspect him to be less courageous than the generality of worldly men; and the conclusion of his letter, evidently pointed at myself, should I venture to impugn his conduct, seemed by no means favourable to any suspicion of his cowardice. And yet, when I considered the violent language of Glanville's letter, and Tyrrell's apparent resolution the night before, I scarcely knew to what more honourable motive to attribute his conduct. However, I

lost no time in despatching the whole packet to Glanville, with a few lines from myself, saying I should call in an hour.

When I fulfilled this promise, Glanville's servant told me his master had gone out immediately on reading the letters I had sent, and had merely left word that he should not return home the whole day. That night he was to have brought an important motion before the House. A message from him, pleading sudden and alarming illness, devolved this duty upon another member of our party. Lord Dawton was in despair: the motion was lost by a great majority; the papers, the whole of that week, were filled with the most triumphant abuse and ridicule of the Whigs. Never was that unhappy and persecuted party reduced to so low an ebb: never did there seem a fainter probability of their coming into power. They appeared almost annihilated—a mere *nominis umbra.*

On the eighth day from Glanville's disappearance, a sudden event in the cabinet threw the whole country into confusion; the Tories trembled to the

very soles of their easy slippers of sinecure and office; the eyes of the public were turned to the Whigs; and chance seemed to effect in an instant that change in their favour, which all their toil, trouble, eloquence, and art, had been unable for so many years to render even a remote probability.

But there was a strong though secret party in the state, which reminded me of the independents in the reign of Charles the First, that, concealed under a general name, worked only for a private end, and made a progress in number and respectability, not the less sure for being but little suspected. Foremost among the leaders of this party was Lord Vincent. Dawton, who knew of their existence, and regarded them with fear and jealousy, considered the struggle rather between them and himself, than any longer between himself and the Tories; and strove, while it was yet time, to reinforce himself by a body of allies, which, should the contest really take place, might be certain of giving him the superiority. The Marquis of Chester was among the most powerful of the neu-

tral noblemen: it was of the greatest importance to gain him to the cause. He was a sturdy, sporting, independent man, who lived chiefly in the country, and turned his ambition rather towards promoting the excellence of quadrupeds, than the bad passions of men. To this personage Lord Dawton implored me to be the bearer of a letter, and to aid, with all the dexterity in my power, the purpose it was intended to effect. It was the most consequential mission yet entrusted to me, and I felt eager to turn my diplomatic energies to so good an account. Accordingly, one bright morning I wrapt myself carefully in my cloak, placed my invaluable person safely in my carriage, and set off to Chester Park, in the county of Suffolk.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Hinc Canibus blandis rabies venit.——
VIRGIL. *Georg.*

I SHOULD have mentioned, that the day after I sent Glanville Tyrrell's communication, I received a short and hurried note from the former, saying, that he had left London in pursuit of Tyrrell, and that he would not rest till he had brought him to account. In the hurry of the public events, in which I had been of late so actively engaged, my mind had not had leisure to dwell much upon Glanville; but when I was alone in my carriage, that singular being, and the mystery which attended him, forced themselves upon

my reflection, in spite of all the importance of my mission.

I was leaning back in the carriage, at (I think) Ware, while they were changing horses, when a voice, strongly associated with my meditations, struck upon my ear. I looked out, and saw Thornton standing in the yard, attired with all his original smartness of boot and breeches: he was employed in smoking a cigar, sipping brandy and water, and exercising his conversational talents in a mixture of slang and jockeyism, addressed to two or three men of his own rank of life, and seemingly his companions. His brisk eye soon discovered me, and he swaggered to the carriage door with that ineffable assurance of manner which was so peculiarly his own.

"Ah, ah, Mr. Pelham," said he, "going to Newmarket, I suppose? bound there myself—like to be found among my *betters*. Ha, ha—excuse a pun: what odds on the favourite? What! you won't bet, Mr. Pelham? close and sly at present; well, *the silent sow sups all the broth*—eh!—"

"I'm not going to Newmarket," I replied: "I never attend races."

"Indeed!" answered Thornton. "Well, if I was as rich as you, I would soon make or spend a fortune on the course. Seen Sir John Tyrrell? No! He is to be there. Nothing can cure him of gambling—what's bred in the bone, &c. Good day, Mr. Pelham—won't keep you any longer—sharp shower coming on. 'The devil will soon be basting his wife with a leg of mutton,' as the proverb says—*au plaisir*, Mr. Pelham."

And at these words my post-boy started, and released me from my *bête noire*. I spare my reader an account of my miscellaneous reflections on Thornton, Dawton, Vincent, politics, Glanville, and *Ellen*, and will land him, without further delay, at Chester Park.

I was ushered through a large oak hall of the reign of James the First, into a room strongly resembling the principal apartment of a club; two or three round tables were covered with newspapers, journals, racing calendars, &c. An enor-

mous fire-place was crowded with men of all ages, I had almost said, of all ranks; but, however various they might appear in their mien and attire, they were wholly of the patrician order. One thing, however, in this room, belied its similitude to the apartment of a club, viz., a number of dogs, that lay in scattered groups upon the floor. Before the windows were several horses, in body-cloths, led or rode to exercise upon a plain in the park, levelled as smooth as a bowling green at Putney; and stationed at an oriel window, in earnest attention to the scene without, were two men; the tallest of these was Lord Chester. There was a stiffness and inelegance in his address which prepossessed me strongly against him. "*Les manières que l'on néglige comme de petites choses, sont souvent ce qui fait que les hommes décident de vous en bien ou en mal.*"

I had long since, when I was at the University, been introduced to Lord Chester; but I had quite forgotten his person, and he the very circumstance. I said, in a low tone, that I was the bearer of a letter of

some importance from our mutual friend, Lord Dawton, and that I should request the honour of a private interview at Lord Chester's first convenience.

His lordship bowed with an odd mixture of the civility of a jockey, and the hauteur of a head groom of the stud, and led the way to a small apartment, which I afterwards discovered he called his own. (I never could make out, by the way, why in England the very worst room in the house is always appropriated to the master of it, and dignified by the appellation of "the gentleman's own.") I gave the Newmarket grandee the letter intended for him, and quietly seating myself, awaited the result.

He read it through slowly and silently, and then taking out a huge pocket-book, full of racing bets, horses' ages, jockey opinions, and such like memoranda, he placed it with much solemnity among this dignified company, and then said, with a cold, but would be, courteous air, "My friend, Lord Dawton, says you are entirely in his confi-

dence, Mr. Pelham. I hope you will honour me with your company at Chester Park for two or three days, during which time I shall have leisure to reply to Lord Dawton's letter. Will you take some refreshment?"

I answered the first sentence in the affirmative, and the latter in the negative; and Lord Chester thinking it perfectly unnecessary to trouble himself with any further questions or remarks, which the whole jockey club might not hear, took me back into the room we had quitted, and left me to find, or make whatever acquaintance I could. Pampered and spoiled as I was in the most difficult circles of London, I was beyond measure indignant at the cavalier demeanour of this rustic Thane, whom I considered a being as immeasurably beneath me in every thing else, as he really was in antiquity of birth, and, I venture to hope, in cultivation of intellect. I looked round the room, and did not recognize a being of my acquaintance: I seemed literally thrown into a new world: the very language in which the conversation was held, sounded

strange to my ear. I had always transgressed my general rule of knowing all men in all grades, in the single respect of *sporting characters*: they were a species of bipeds, that I would never recognize as belonging to the human race. Alas! I now found the bitter effects of not following my usual maxims. It is a dangerous thing to encourage too great a disdain of one's inferiors: pride must have a fall.

After I had been a whole quarter of an hour in this strange place, my better genius came to my aid. Since I found no society among the two legged brutes, I turned to the quadrupeds. At one corner of the room lay a black terrier of the true English breed; at another was a short, sturdy, wirey one, of the Scotch. I soon formed a friendship with each of these *canine Pelei*, (little bodies with great souls), and then by degrees alluring them from their retreat to the centre of the room, I fairly endeavoured to set them by the ears. Thanks to the national antipathy, I succeeded to my heart's content. The contest soon

aroused the other individuals of the genius—up they started from their repose, like Roderic Dhu's merry men, and incontinently flocked to the scene of battle.

"To it," said I; and I took one by the leg and another by the throat, and dashing them against each other, turned all their peevish irascibility at the affront into mutual aggression. In a very few moments, the whole room was a scene of uproarious confusion; the beasts yelled, and bit, and struggled, with the most dalectable ferocity. To add to the effect, the various owners of the dogs crowded round—some to stimulate, others to appease the fury of the combatants. As for me, I flung myself into an arm chair, and gave way to an excess of merriment, which only enraged the spectators more: many were the glances of anger, many the murmurs of reproach directed against me. Lord Chester himself eyed me with an air of astonished indignation, that redoubled my hilarity: at length, the conflict was assuaged—by dint of blows, and kicks, and remonstrances

from their dignified proprietors, the dogs slowly withdrew, one with the loss of half an ear, another with a shoulder put out, a third with a mouth increased by one-half of its natural dimensions.

In short, every one engaged in the conflict bore some token of its severity. I did not wait for the thunder-storm I foresaw: I rose with a *nonchalant* yawn of *ennui*—marched out of the apartment, called a servant—demanded my own room—repaired to it, and immersed the internal faculties of my head in Mignet's History of the Revolution, while Bedos busied himself in its outward embellishment.

## CHAPTER XXV.

——Noster ludos, spectaverat unà,
Luserat in campo, Fortunæ filius omnes.
HOR.

I DID not leave my room till the first dinner-bell had ceased a sufficient time to allow me the pleasing hope that I should have but a few moments to wait in the drawing-room, previous to the grand epoch and ceremony of an European day. The manner most natural to me, is one rather open and easy; but I pique myself peculiarly upon a certain (though occasional) air, which keeps impertinence aloof: in fine, I am by no means a person with whom others would lightly take a liberty, or to whom they would readily offer or resent an

affront. This day I assumed a double quantum of dignity, in entering a room which I well knew must be filled with my enemies: there were a few women round Lady Chester, and, as I always feel reassured by a sight of the dear sex, I walked towards them.

Judge of my delight, when I discovered amongst the groupe, Lady Harriett Garrett: it is true that I had no particular predilection for that lady, but the sight of a negress I had seen before, I should have hailed with rapture in so desolate and inhospitable a place. If my pleasure at seeing Lady Harriett was great, her's seemed equally so at receiving my salutation. She asked me if I knew Lady Chester—and on my negative reply, immediately introduced me to that personage. I now found myself quite at home; my spirits rose, and I exerted every nerve to be as charming as possible. In youth, to endeavour is to succeed.

I gave a most animated account of the canine battle, interspersed with various sarcasms on the owners of the combatants, which were by no means

ill-received either by the marchioness or her companions; and, in fact, when the dinner was announced, they all rose in a mirth, sufficiently unrestrained to be any thing but patrician: for my part, I offered my arm to Lady Harriett, and paid her as many compliments on crossing the suite that led to the dining-room, as would have turned a much wiser head than her ladyship's.

The dinner went off agreeably enough, as long as the women stayed, but the moment they quitted the room, I experienced exactly the same feeling known unto a mother's darling, left for the first time at that strange, cold, comfortless place—ycleped a school.

I was not, however, in a mood to suffer my flowers of oratory to blush unseen. Besides, it was absolutely necessary that I should make a better impression upon my host. I leant, therefore, across the table, and listened eagerly to the various conversations afloat: at last I perceived, on the opposite side, Sir Lionel Garrett, a personage whom I had not before even inquired

after, or thought of. He was busily and noisily employed in discussing the game-laws. Thank Heaven, thought I, I shall be on firm ground there. The general interest of the subject, and the loudness with which it was debated, soon drew all the scattered conversation into one focus.

"What!" said Sir Lionel, in a high voice to a modest, shrinking youth, probably from Cambridge, who had supported the liberal side of the question—"What—are our interests to be *never* consulted? Are we to have our only amusement taken away from us? What do you imagine brings country gentlemen to their seats? Do you not know, Sir, the vast importance our residence at our country houses is to the nation? Destroy the game-laws, and you destroy our very existence as a people."

Now, thought I, it is my time. "Sir Lionel," said I, speaking almost from one end of the table to the other, "I perfectly agree with your sentiments; I am entirely of opinion, first, that it is absolutely necessary for the safety of the nation

that game should be preserved; secondly, that if you take away game you take away country gentlemen: no two propositions can be clearer than these; but I do differ from you with respect to the intended alterations. Let us put wholly out of the question, the interests of the poor people, or of society at large; those are minor matters, not worthy of a moment's consideration; let us only see how far *our* interests as sportsmen will be affected. I think by a very few words I can clearly prove to you, that the proposed alterations will make us much better off than we are at present."

I then entered shortly, yet fully enough, into the nature of the laws as they now stood, and as they were intended to be changed. I first spoke of the two great disadvantages of the present system to country gentlemen; viz. in the number of poachers, and the expense of preserving. Observing that I was generally and attentively listened to, I dwelt upon these two points with much pathetic energy; and having paused till I had got Sir Lionel and one or two of his supporters to

confess that it would be highly desirable that these defects should, *if possible*, be remedied, I proceeded to show how, and in what manner it *was* possible. I argued, that to effect this possibility, was the exact object of the alterations suggested; I anticipated the objections; I answered them in the form of propositions, as clearly and concisely stated as possible; and as I spoke with great civility and conciliation, and put aside every appearance of care for any human being in the world who was not possessed of a qualification, I perceived at the conclusion of my harangue, that I had made a very favourable impression. That evening completed my triumph: for Lady Chester and Lady Harriett made so good a story of my adventure with the dogs, that the matter passed off as a famous joke, and I was soon considered by the whole knot as a devilish amusing, good-natured, sensible fellow. So true is it that there is no situation which a little tact cannot turn to our own account: manage *yourself* well, and you may manage all the world.

As for Lord Chester, I soon won his heart by a few feats of horsemanship, and a few extempore inventions respecting the sagacity of dogs. Three days after my arrival we became inseparable; and I made such good use of my time, that in two more, he spoke to me of his friendship for Dawton, and his wish for a dukedom. These motives it was easy enough to unite, and at last he promised me that his answer to my principal should be as acquiescent as I could desire; the morning after this promise, commenced *the great day* at Newmarket.

Our whole party were of course bound to the race-ground, and with great reluctance I was pressed into the service. We were not many miles distant from the course, and Lord Chester mounted me on one of his horses. Our shortest way lay through rather an intricate series of cross roads: and as I was very little interested in the conversation of my companions, I paid more attention to the scenery we passed, than is my customary wont; for I study nature rather in men than fields, and find no landscape afford such variety to the eye, and

such subject to the contemplation, as the inequalities of the human heart.

But there were to be fearful circumstances hereafter to stamp forcibly upon my remembrance some traces of the scenery which now courted and arrested my view. The chief characteristics of the country were broad, dreary plains, diversified at times by dark plantations of fir and larch; the road was rough and stony, and here and there a melancholy rivulet, swelled by the first rains of spring, crossed our path, and lost itself in the rank weeds of some inhospitable marsh.

About six miles from Chester Park, to the left of the road, stood an old house with a new face; the brown, time-honoured bricks which composed the fabric, were strongly contrasted by large Venetian windows newly inserted in frames of the most ostentatious white. A smart, green veranda, scarcely finished, ran along the low portico, and formed the termination to two thin rows of meagre and dwarfish sycamores, which did duty for an avenue, and were bounded, on the roadside, by a

spruce, white gate, and a sprucer lodge, so moderate in its dimensions, that it would scarcely have boiled a turnip: if a rat had got into it, he might have run away with it. The ground was dug in various places, as if for the purpose of further *improvements*, and here and there a sickly little tree was carefully hurdled round, and seemed pining its puny heart out at the confinement.

In spite of all these well-judged and well-thriving graces of art, there was such a comfortless and desolate appearance about the place, that it quite froze one to look at it; to be sure, a damp marsh on one side, and the skeleton rafters and beams of an old stable on the other, backed by a few dull and sulky-looking fir trees, might, in some measure, create, or at least considerably add to, the indescribable cheerlessness of the *tout ensemble*. While I was curiously surveying the various parts of this northern "*Délices*," and marvelling at the choice of two crows who were slowly walking over the unwholesome ground, instead of making all possible use of the black wings with which Providence

had gifted them, I perceived two men on horseback wind round from the back part of the building, and proceed in a brisk trot down the avenue. We had not advanced many paces before they overtook us; the foremost of them turned round as he passed me, and pulling up his horse abruptly, discovered, to my dismayed view, the features of Mr. Thornton. Nothing abashed by the slightness of my bow, or the grave stares of my lordly companions, who never forgot the dignity of their birth, in spite of the vulgarity of their tastes, Thornton instantly and familiarly accosted me.

"Told you so, Mr. Pelham—*silent sow, &c.*—Sure I should have the pleasure of seeing you, though you kept it so snug. Well, will you bet *now?* No!—Ah, you're a sly one. Staying here at that *nice-looking* house—belongs to Dawson, an old friend of mine—shall *be happy to introduce you!*"

"Sir," said I, abruptly, "you are too good. Permit me to request that you will rejoin your friend Mr. Dawson."

"Oh," said the imperturbable Thornton, "it

does not signify; he won't be affronted at my lagging a little. However," (and here he caught my eye, which was assuming a sternness that perhaps little pleased him,) "however, as it gets late, and my mare is none of the best, I'll wish you good morning." With these words Thornton put spurs to his horse and trotted off.

"Who the devil have you got there, Pelham?" said Lord Chester.

"A person," said I, "who picked me up at Paris, and insists on the right of treasure trove to claim me in England. But will you let me ask, in my turn, whom that cheerful mansion we have just left, belongs to?"

"To a Mr. Dawson, whose father was a gentleman farmer who bred horses, a very respectable person, *for* I made one or two excellent bargains with him. The son was always on the turf, and contracted the worst of its habits. He bears but a very indifferent character, and will probably become a complete blackleg. He married, a short time since, a woman of some fortune, and I sup-

pose it is her taste which has so altered and modernized his house. Come, gentlemen, we are on even ground, shall we trot?"

We proceeded but a few yards before we were again stopped by a precipitous ascent, and as Lord Chester was then earnestly engaged in praising his horse, to one of the cavalcade, I had time to remark the spot. At the foot of the hill we were about slowly to ascend, was a broad, uninclosed patch of waste land; a heron, flapping its enormous wings as it rose, directed my attention to á pool overgrown with rushes, and half-sheltered on one side by a decayed tree, which, if one might judge from the breadth and hollowness of its trunk, had been a refuge to the wild bird, and a shelter to the wild cattle, at a time when such were the only intruders upon its hospitality; and when the country, for miles and leagues round, was honoured by as little of man's care and cultivation as was at present the rank waste which still nourished its gnarled and venerable roots. There was something remarkably singular and grotesque in the shape and sinuosity of

its naked and spectral branches: two of exceeding length stretched themselves forth in the very semblance of arms held out in the attitude of supplication; and the bend of the trunk over the desolate pond, the form of the hoary and blasted summit, and the hollow trunk, half riven asunder in the shape of limbs, seemed to favour the gigantic deception. You might have imagined it an antediluvian transformation, or a daughter of the Titan race, preserving in her metamorphosis, her attitude of entreaty to the merciless Olympian.

This was the only tree visible; for a turn of the road and the unevenness of the ground, completely veiled the house we had passed, and the few low firs and sycamores which made its only plantations. The sullen pool—its ghost-like guardian—the dreary heath around, the rude features of the country beyond, and the apparent absence of all human habitation, conspired to make a scene of the most dispiriting and striking desolation. I know not how to account for it, but as I gazed around in silence, the whole place appeared to grow over my

mind, as one which I had seen, though dimly and drearily, before; and a nameless and unaccountable presentiment of fear and evil sunk like ice into my heart. We ascended the hill, and the rest of the road being of a kind better adapted to expedition, we mended our pace and soon arrived at the goal of our journey.

The race-ground had its customary compliment of knaves and fools—the dupers and the duped. Poor Lady Chester, who had proceeded to the ground by the high road (for the way we had chosen was inaccessible to those who ride in chariots, and whose charioteers are set up in high places,) was driving to and fro, the very picture of cold and discomfort; and the few solitary carriages which honoured the course, looked as miserable as if they were witnessing the funeral of their owner's persons, rather than the peril of their characters and purses.

As we rode along to the betting-post, Sir John Tyrrell passed us: Lord Chester accosted him familiarly, and the baronet joined us. He had

been an old votary of the turf in his younger days, and he still preserved all his ancient predilection in its favour.

It seemed that Chester had not met him for many years, and after a short and characteristic conversation of "God bless me, how long since I saw you!—d—d good horse you're on—you look thin—admirable condition—what have you been doing?—grand action—a'n't we behind hand?—famous fore-hand—recollect old Queensberry?—hot in the mouth—gone to the devil—what are the odds?" Lord Chester asked Tyrrell to go home with us. The invitation was readily accepted.

"With impotence of will
We wheel, tho' ghastly shadows interpose
Round us, and round each other."*

Now, then, arose the noise, the clatter, the swearing, the lying, the perjury, the cheating, the crowd, the bustle, the hurry, the rush, the heat, the ardour, the impatience, the hope, the terror, the rapture, the agony of the race. Di-

* Percy Bysshe Shelley.

rectly the first heat was over, one asked me one thing, one bellowed another; I fled to Lord Chester, he did not heed me. I took refuge with the marchioness; she was as sullen as an east wind could make her. Lady Harriett would talk of nothing but the horses: Sir Lionel would not talk at all. I was in the lowest pit of despondency, and the devils that kept me there were as blue as Lady Chester's nose. Silent, sad, sorrowful, and sulky, I rode away from the crowd, and moralized on its vicious propensities. One grows marvellously honest when the species of cheating before us is not suited to one's self. Fortunately, my better angel reminded me, that about the distance of three miles from the course lived an old college friend, blessed, since we had met, with a parsonage and a wife. I knew his tastes too well to imagine that any allurement of an equestrian nature could have seduced him from the ease of his library and the dignity of his books; and hoping, therefore, that I should find him at home, I turned my horse's head in an opposite direction,

and rejoiced at the idea of my escape, bade adieu to the course.

As I cantered across the far end of the heath, my horse started from an object upon the ground; it was a man wrapped from head to foot in a long horseman's cloak, and so well guarded, as to the face, from the raw inclemency of the day, that I could not catch even a glimpse of the features, through the hat and neck-shawl which concealed them. The head was turned, with apparent anxiety, towards the distant throng; and imagining the man belonged to the lower orders, with whom I am always familiar, I addressed to him, *en passant*, some trifling remark on the event of the race. He made no answer. There was something about him which induced me to look back several moments after I had left him behind. He had not moved an atom. There is such a certain uncomfortableness always occasioned to the mind, by stillness and mystery united, that even the disguising garb, and motionless silence of the man, innocent as they must have been, impressed them-

selves disagreeably on my meditations as I rode briskly on.

It is my maxim never to be unpleasantly employed, even in thought, if I can help it; accordingly, I changed the course of my reflection, and amused myself with wondering how matrimony and clerical dignity sat on the indolent shoulders of my old acquaintance.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

And as for me, tho' that I can but lite
On bookès for to read I me delight,
And to *hem* give I faith and full credènce;
And in mine heart have *hem* in reverence,
So heartily that there is gamè none,
That fro' my bookès maketh me to gone.
CHAUCER.

CHRISTOPHER CLUTTERBUCK was a common individual of a common order, but little known in this busy and toiling world. I cannot flatter myself that I am about to present to your notice that *rara avis*, a new character—yet there is something interesting, and even unhacknied, in the retired and simple class to which he belongs: and before I proceed to a darker period in my memoirs, I feel a calm and tranquillizing pleasure in the rest which a brief, and imperfect delineation of my college companion, affords me. My friend came up to the

University with the learning one about to quit the world, might, with credit, have boasted of possessing, and the simplicity one about to enter it would have been ashamed to confess. Quiet and shy in his habits and his manners, he was never seen out of the precincts of his apartment, except in obedience to the stated calls of dinner, lectures, and chapel. Then his small and stooping form might be marked, crossing the quadrangle with a hurried step, and cautiously avoiding the smallest blade of the barren grass-plots, which are forbidden ground to the feet of all the lower orders of the collegiate oligarchy. Many were the smiles and the jeers, from the worse natured and better appointed students, who loitered idly along the court, at the rude garb and saturnine appearance of the humble under-graduate; and the calm countenance of the grave, but amiable man, who then bore the honour and *onus* of mathematical lecturer at our college, would soften into a glance of mingled approbation and pity, as it noted the eagerness which spoke from the wan cheek and emaciated frame of the

ablest of his pupils, hurrying—after each legitimate interruption—to the enjoyment of the crabbed characters and worm-worn volumes, which contained for him all the seductions of pleasure, and all the temptations of youth.

It is a melancholy thing, which none but those educated at a college can understand, to see the debilitated frames of the aspirants for academical honours. To mark the prime—the verdure—the glory—the life—of life wasted irrevocably away in a *labor ineptiarum*, which brings no harvest either to others or themselves. For the poet, the philosopher, the man of science, we can appreciate the recompense if we commiserate the sacrifice; from the darkness of their retreat there goes a light—from the silence of their studies there issues a voice, to illumine or convince. We can imagine them looking from their privations to the far visions of the future, and hugging to their hearts, in the strength of no unnatural vanity, the reward which their labours are certain hereafter to obtain. To those who can anticipate the vast dominions of

immortality among men, what boots the sterility of the cabined and petty *present.* But the mere man of languages and learning—the machine of a memory heavily but unprofitably employed—the Columbus wasting at the galley oar the energies which should have discovered a world—for him there is no day-dream of the future, no grasp at the immortality of fame. Beyond the walls of his narrow room he knows no object; beyond the elucidation of a dead tongue he indulges no ambition; his life is one long school-day of lexicons and grammars—a fabric of ice cautiously excluded from a single sunbeam—elaborately useless, ingeniously unprofitable; and leaving at the moment it melts away, not a single trace of the space it occupied, or the labour it cost.

At the time I went to the University my poor collegian had attained all the honours his employment could ever procure him. He *had been* a Pitt scholar; *he was* a senior wrangler, and a Fellow of his college. It often happened that I found myself next to him at dinner, and I was struck by

his abstinence, and pleased with his modesty, despite of the *gaucherie* of his manner, and the fashion of his garb. By degrees I insinuated myself into his acquaintance; and, as I had still some love of scholastic lore, I took frequent opportunities of conversing with him upon Horace, and consulting him upon Lucian.

Many a dim twilight have we sat together, reviving each other's recollection, and occasionally relaxing into the grave amusement of *capping verses.* Then, if by any chance my ingenuity, or memory, enabled me to puzzle my companion, his good temper would lose itself in a quaint pettishness, or he would cite against me some line of Aristophanes, and ask me, with a raised voice, and arched brow, to give him a fitting answer to *that.* But if, as was much more frequently the case, he fairly run me down into a pause and confession of inability, he would rub his hands with a strange chuckle, and offer me, in the bounteousness of his heart, to read aloud a Greek Ode of his own, while he treated me "to a dish of tea." There was

much in the good man's innocence, and guilessness of soul, which made me love him, and I did not rest till I had procured him, before I left the University, the living which he now held. Since then, he had married the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman, an event of which he had duly informed me; but, though this great step in the life of "a reading man," had not taken place many months since, I had completely, after a hearty wish for his domestic happiness, consigned it to a dormant place in my recollection.

The house which I now began to approach was small, but comfortable; perhaps there was something *triste* in the old-fashioned hedges, cut and trimmed with mathematical precision, which surrounded the glebe, as well as in the heavy architecture, and dingy bricks of the reverend recluse's habitation. To make amends for this, there was also something peculiarly still and placid about the appearance of the house, which must have suited well the tastes and habits of the owner. A small formal lawn was adorned with a square fish-pond,

bricked round, and covered with the green weepings of four willows, which drooped over it, from their station, at each corner. At the opposite side of this Pierian reservoir, was a hermitage, or arbour of laurels, shaped in the stiff rusticity of the Dutch school, in the prevalence of which it was probably planted; behind this arbour, the ground, after a slight railing, terminated in an orchard.

The sound I elicited from the gate bell, seemed to ring through that retired place with singular shrillness; and I observed at the opposite window, all that bustle of drawing curtains, peeping faces, and hasty retreats, which denote female anxiety and perplexity, at the unexpected approach of a stranger.

After some time the parson's single servant, a middle-aged slovenly man, in a loose frock, and buff kerseymere nondescripts, opened the gate, and informed me that his master *was* at home. With a few earnest admonitions to my admittor—who was, like the domestics of many richer men, both groom and valet—respecting the safety of my bor-

rowed horse, I entered the house: the servant did not think it necessary to inquire my name, but threw open the door of the study, with the brief introduction of—"a gentleman, Sir."

Clutterbuck was standing with his back towards me, upon a pair of library steps, turning over some dusky volumes; and below, stood a pale cadaverous youth, with a set and serious countenance, that bore no small likeness to Clutterbuck himself.

"*Mon Dieu*," thought I, "he cannot have made such good use of his matrimonial state, as to have raised this lanky impression of himself in the space of seven months?" The good man turned round, and almost fell off the steps with the nervous shock of beholding me so near him: he descended with precipitation, and shook me so warmly and tightly by the hand, that he brought tears into my eyes, as well as his own.

"Gently, my good friend," said I—"*parce precor*, or you will force me to say, '*ibimus una ambo, flentes vatido connexi fœdere.*'"

Clutterbuck's eyes watered still more, when he

heard the grateful sounds of what to him was the mother tongue. He surveyed me from head to foot with an air of benign and fatherly complacency, and dragging forth from its sullen rest a large arm chair, on whose cushions of rusty horse-hair sat an eternal cloud of classic dust, too sacred to be disturbed, he *plumped* me down upon it, before I was aware of the cruel hospitality.

"Oh! my nether garments," thought I. "*Quantus sudor inerit Bedoso*, to restore you to your pristine purity."

"But, whence come you?" said my host, who cherished rather a formal and antiquated method of speech.

"From the Pythian games," said I. "The campus hight Newmarket. Do I see right, or is not yon *insignis juvenis* marvellously like you? Of a surety he rivals the Titans, if he is only a seven months' child!"

"Now, truly, my worthy friend," answered Clutterbuck, "you indulge in jesting! the boy is my nephew, a goodly child, and a painstaking.

I hope he will thrive at our gentle mother. He goes to Trinity next October. Benjamin Jeremiah, my lad, this is my worthy friend and benefactor, of whom I have often spoken; go, and order him of our best—he will partake of our repast!"

"No, really," I began; but Clutterbuck gently placed the hand, whose strength of affection I had already so forcibly experienced, upon my mouth. "Pardon me, my friend," said he. "No *stranger* should depart till he had broken bread with us, how much more then a friend! Go, Benjamin Jeremiah, and tell your aunt that Mr. Pelham will dine with us; and order, furthermore, that the barrel of oysters sent unto us as a present, by my worthy friend Dr. Swallow'em, be dressed in the fashion that seemeth best; they are a classic dainty, and we shall think of our great masters the ancients whilst we devour them. And — stop, Benjamin Jeremiah, see that we have the wine with the black seal; and—now—go, Benjamin Jeremiah!"

"Well, my old friend," said I, when the door closed upon the sallow and smileless nephew,

"how do you love the *connubile jugum?* Do you give the same advice as Socrates? I hope, at least, it is not from the same experience."

"Hem!" answered the grave Christopher, in a tone that struck me as somewhat nervous and uneasy, "you are become quite a humourist since we parted. I suppose you have been warming your wit by the lambent fires of Horace and Aristophanes!"

"No," said I, "the living allow those whose toilsome lot it is to mix constantly with them, but little time to study the monuments of the dead. But, in sober earnest, are you as happy as I wish you?"

Clutterbuck looked down for a moment, and then, turning towards the table, laid one hand upon a MS., and pointed with the other to his books. "With this society," said he, "how can I be otherwise!"

I gave him no reply, but put my hand upon his MS. He made a modest and coy effort to detain it, but I knew that writers were likewomen, and

making use of no displeasing force, I possessed myself of the paper.

It was a treatise on the Greek participle. My heart sickened within me; but, as I caught the eager glance of the poor author, I brightened up my countenance into an expression of pleasure, and appeared to read and comment upon the *difficiles nugæ* with an interest commensurate to his own. Meanwhile the youth returned. He had much of that delicacy of sentiment which always accompanies mental cultivation, of whatever sort it may be. He went, with a scarlet blush over his thin face, to his uncle, and whispered something in his ear, which, from the angry embarrassment it appeared to occasion, I was at no loss to divine.

"Come," said I, "we are too long acquainted for ceremony. Your *placens uxor*, like all ladies in the same predicament, thinks your invitation a little unadvised; and, in real earnest, I have so long a ride to perform, that I would rather eat your oysters another day!"

"No, no," said Clutterbuck, with greater eager-

ness than his even temperament was often hurried into betraying, "no, I will go and reason with her myself. 'Wives obey your husbands,' saith the preacher!'" And the quondam senior wrangler almost upset his chair in the perturbation with which he arose from it.

I laid my hand upon him. "Let me go myself," said I, "since you *will* have me dine with you. 'The sex is ever to a stranger kind,' and I shall probably be more persuasive than you, in despite of your legitimate authority."

So saying, I left the room, with a curiosity more painful than pleasing, to see the collegian's wife. I arrested *the* man servant, and ordered him to usher and announce me.

I was led instanter into the apartment where I had discovered all the signs of female inquisitiveness, which I have before detailed. There I discovered a small woman in a robe equally slatternly and fine, with a sharp pointed nose, small, cold, grey eyes, and a complexion high towards the cheek bones, but waxing of a light green

before it reached the wide and querulous mouth, which, well I ween, seldom opened to smile upon the unfortunate possessor of her charms. She, like the Rev. Christopher, was not without her companions; a tall meagre woman, of advanced age, and a girl, some years younger than herself, were introduced to me as her mother and sister.

My *entrée* occasioned no little confusion, but I knew well how to remedy that. I held out my hand so cordially to the wife, that I enticed, though with evident reluctance, two bony fingers into my own, which I did not dismiss without a most mollifying and affectionate squeeze; and drawing my chair close towards her, began conversing as familiarly as if I had known the whole triad for years. I declared my joy at seeing my old friend so happily settled—commented on the improvement of his looks—ventured a sly joke at the good effects of matrimony—praised a cat couchant, worked in worsted by the venerable hand of the eldest matron—offered to procure her a *real* cat of the true Persian breed, black ears four inches long,

with a tail like a squirrel's; and then slid, all at once, into the unauthorized invitation of the good man of the house.

"Clutterbuck," said I, "has asked me very warmly to stay dinner; but, before I accepted his offer, I insisted upon coming to see how far it was confirmed by you. Gentlemen, you are aware, my dear madam, know nothing of these matters, and I never accept a married man's invitation till it has the sanction of his lady; I have an example of that at home. My mother (Lady Frances) is the best-tempered woman in the world; but my father could no more take the liberty (for I may truly call it such) to ask even his oldest friend to dinner, without consulting the mistress of the house, than he could think of flying. No one (says my mother, and she says what is very true,) can tell about the household affairs, but those who have the management of them; and in pursuance of this aphorism, I dare not accept any invitation in this house, except from its mistress."

"Really," said Mrs. Clutterbuck, colouring

with mingled embarrassment and gratification, "you are very considerate and polite, Mr. Pelham: I only wish Mr. Clutterbuck had half your attention to these things; nobody can tell the trouble and inconvenience he puts me to. If I *had* known, a little time before, that you were coming—but now I fear we have nothing in the house; but if you can partake of our fare, such as it is, Mr. Pelham—"

"Your kindness enchants me," I exclaimed, "and I no longer scruple to confess the pleasure I have in accepting my old friend's offer."

This affair being settled, I continued to converse for some minutes with as much vivacity as I could summon to my aid, and when I went once more to the library, it was with the comfortable impression of having left those as friends, whom I had visited as foes.

The dinner hour was four, and till it came, Clutterbuck and I amused ourselves "in commune wise and sage." There was something high in the sentiments and generous in the feelings of this man,

which made me the more regret the bias of mind which rendered them so unavailing. At college he had never (*illis dissimilis in nostro tempore natis*) cringed to the possessors of clerical power. In the duties of his station, as dean of the college, he was equally strict to the black cap and the lordly hat. Nay, when one of his private pupils, whose father was possessed of more church preferment than any nobleman in the peerage, disobeyed his repeated summons, and constantly neglected to attend his instructions, he sent for him, resigned his tuition, and refused any longer to accept a salary which the negligence of his pupil would not allow him to requite. In his clerical tenets he was high; in his judgment of others he was mild. His knowledge of the liberty of Greece was not drawn from the ignorant historian of her republics;* nor did he find in the contemplative mildness and

* It is really a disgrace to the university, that any of its colleges should accept as a reference, or even tolerate as an author, the presumptuous bigot who has bequeathed to us, in his History of Greece, the masterpiece of a declaimer without energy, and of a pedant without learning.

gentle philosophy of the ancients, nothing but a sanction for modern bigotry and existing abuses.

It was a remarkable trait in his conversation, that though he indulged in many references to the old authors, and allusions to classic customs, he never deviated into the innumerable quotations with which his memory was stored. No words, in spite of all the quaintness and antiquity of his dialect, purely Latin or Greek, ever escaped his lips, except in our engagements at capping verses, or when he was allured into accepting a challenge of learning from some of its pretenders; then, indeed, he could pour forth such a torrent of authorities as effectually silenced his opponent; but these contests were rarely entered into, and these triumphs moderately indulged. Yet he loved the use of quotations in others, and I knew the greatest pleasure I could give him was in the frequent use of them. Perhaps he thought it would seem like an empty parade of learning in one who so confessedly possessed it, to deal in the strange words of another tongue, and consequently rejected them, while, with

an innocent inconsistency, characteristic of the man, it never occurred to him that there was any thing, either in the quaintness of his dialect or the occupations of his leisure, which might subject him to the same imputation of pedantry.

And yet, at times, when he warmed in his subject, there was a tone in his language as well as sentiment, which might not be improperly termed eloquent; and the real modesty and quiet enthusiasm of his nature, took away from the impression he made, the feeling of pomposity and affectation with which otherwise he might have inspired you.

"You have a calm and quiet habitation here," said I; "the very rooks seem to have something lulling in that venerable caw which it always does me such good to hear."

"Yes," answered Clutterbuck, "I own that there is much that is grateful to the temper of my mind in this retired spot. I fancy that I can the better give myself up to the contemplation which makes, as it were, my intellectual element and food. And yet I dare say that in this (as in all

other things) I do strongly err; for I remember that during my only sojourn in London, I was wont to feel the sound of wheels and of the throng of steps shake the windows of my lodging in the Strand, as if it were but a warning to recal my mind more closely to its studies—of a verity that noisy evidence of man's labour reminded me how little the great interests of this rolling world were to me, and the feeling of solitude amongst the crowds without, made me cling more fondly to the company I found within. For it seems that the mind is ever addicted to contraries, and that when it be transplanted into a soil where all its neighbours do produce a certain fruit, it doth, from a strange perversity, bring forth one of a different sort. You would little believe, my honoured friend, that in this lonely seclusion, I cannot at all times prohibit my thoughts from wandering to that gay world of London, which, during my tarry therein, occupied them in so partial a degree. You smile, my friend, nevertheless it is true; and when you reflect that I dwelt in the western department of the metropolis,

near unto the noble mansion of Somerset House, and consequently in the very centre of what the idle call Fashion, you will not be so surprised at the occasional migration of my thoughts."

Here the worthy Clutterbuck paused and sighed slightly. "Do you farm or cultivate your garden," said I; "it is no ignoble nor unclassical employment?"

"Unhappily," answered Clutterbuck, "I am inclined to neither; my chest pains me with a sharp and piercing pang when I attempt to stoop, and my respiration is short and asthmatic; and, in truth, I seldom love to stir from my books and papers. I go with Pliny to his garden, and with Virgil to his farm; those mental excursions are the sole ones I indulge in; and when I think of my appetite for application, and my love of idleness, I am tempted to wax proud of the propensities which reverse the censure of Tacitus on our German ancestors, and incline so fondly to quiet, while they turn so restlessly from sloth."

Here the speaker was interrupted by a long,

low, dry cough, which penetrated me to the heart. Alas! thought I, as I heard it, and looked upon my poor friend's hectic and hollow cheek, it is not only his mind that will be the victim to the fatality of his studies.

It was some moments before I renewed the conversation, and I had scarcely done so before I was interrupted by the entrance of Benjamin Jeremiah, with a message from his aunt that dinner would be ready in a few minutes. Another long whisper to Christopher succeeded. The *ci-devant* fellow of Trinity looked down at his garments with a perplexed air. I saw at once that he had received a hint on the propriety of a change of raiment. To give him due leisure for this, I asked the youth to shew me a room in which I might perform the usual ablutions previous to dinner, and followed him up stairs to a comfortless sort of dressing-room, without a fire-place, where I found a yellow ware jug and basin, and a towel, of so coarse a huckaback, that I did not dare adventure its rough texture next my complexion—my skin is not made for such rude fel-

lowship. While I was tenderly and daintily anointing my hands with some hard water, of no Blandusian spring, and that vile composition entitled, Windsor soap, I heard the difficult breathing of poor Clutterbuck on the stairs, and soon after he entered the adjacent room. Two minutes more, and his servant joined him, for I heard the rough voice of the domestic say, "There is no more of the wine with the black seal left, Sir!"

"No more, good Dixon; you mistake grievously. I had two dozen not a week since."

"Don't know, I'm sure, Sir!" answered Dixon, with a careless and half impertinent accent; "but there are great things, *like alligators*, in the cellar, which break all the bottles!"

"Alligators in my cellar!" said the astonished Clutterbuck.

"Yes, Sir—at least a venemous sort of reptile like them, which the people about here call *efts!*"

"What!" said Clutterbuck, innocently, and evidently not seeing the irony of his own question;

"What! have the efts broken two dozen bottles in a week; of an exceeding surety, it is strange that a little creature of the lizard species should be so destructive—perchance they have an antipathy to the vinous smell; I will confer with my learned friend, Dr. Dissectall, touching their strength and habits. Bring up some of the port, then, good Dixon."

"Yes, Sir; all the corn is out; I had none for the gentleman's horse."

"Why, Dixon, my memory fails me strangely, or I paid you the sum of four pounds odd shillings for corn on Friday last."

"Yes, Sir; but your cow, and the chickens eat so much, and then blind Dobbin has four feeds a day, and Farmer Johnson always puts his horse in our stable, and Mrs. Clutterbuck and the ladies fed the jackass the other day in the hired donkey chaise; besides, the rats and mice are always at it."

"It is a marvel unto me," answered Clutterbuck, "how detrimental the vermin race are; they

seem to have noted my poor possessions as their especial prey; remind me that I write to Dr. Dissectall to-morrow, good Dixon."

"Yes, Sir, and now I think of it——" but here Mr. Dixon was cut short in his items, by the entrance of a third person, who proved to be Mrs. Clutterbuck.

"What, not dressed yet, Mr. Clutterbuck; what a dawdler you are! and do look—was ever woman so used? you have wiped your razor upon my nightcap—you dirty, slovenly——"

"I crave you many pardons; I own my error!" said Clutterbuck, in a nervous tone of interruption.

"Error, indeed!" cried Mrs. Clutterbuck, in a sharp, overstretched, querulous falsetto, suited to the occasion; "but this is always the case—I am sure, my poor temper is tried to the utmost—and Lord help thee, ideot! you have thrust those spindle legs of yours, into your coat-sleeves instead of your breeches!"

"Of a truth, good wife, your eyes are more

discerning than mine; and my legs, which are, as you say, somewhat thin, have inducted themselves in what appertaineth not unto them; but for all that, Dorothea, I am not deserving of the epithet of idiot, with which you have been pleased to favour me; although my humble faculties are indeed of no eminent or surpassing order——"

"Pooh! pooh! Mr. Clutterbuck, I am sure, I don't know what else you are, muddling your head all day with those good-for-nothing books. And now do tell me, how you could think of asking Mr. Pelham to dinner, when you knew we had nothing in the world but hashed mutton and an apple pudding? Is that the way, Sir, you disgrace your wife, after her condescension in marrying you?"

"Really," answered the patient Clutterbuck, "I was forgetful of those matters; but my friend cares as little as myself, about the grosser tastes of the table; and the feast of intellectual converse is all that he desires in his brief sojourn beneath our roof."

"Feast of fiddlesticks, Mr. Clutterbuck! did ever man talk such nonsense?"

"Besides," rejoined the *master* of the house, unheeding this interruption, "we have a luxury even of the palate, than which there are none more delicate, and unto which he, as well as myself, is, I know, somewhat unphilosophically given; I speak of the oysters, sent here by our good friend, Dr. Swallow'em."

"What do you mean, Mr. Clutterbuck? my poor mother and I had those oysters last night for our supper. I am sure she as well as my sister are almost starved; but you are always wanting to be pampered up above us all."

"Nay, nay," answered Clutterbuck, "you know you accuse me wrongfully, Dorothea; but now I think of it, would it not be better to modulate the tone of our conversation, seeing that our guest, (a circumstance which until now quite escaped my recollection,) was shown into the next room, for the purpose of washing his hands, the which, from their notable cleanliness, seemed to me

wholly unnecessary. I would not have him overhear you, Dorothea, lest his kind heart should imagine me less happy than—than it wishes me."

"Good God, Mr. Clutterbuck!" were the only words I heard farther: and with tears in my eyes, and a suffocating feeling in my throat, for the matrimonial situation of my unfortunate friend, descended into the drawing-room. The only one yet there, was the pale nephew; he was bending painfully over a book; I took it from him, it was "Bentley upon Phalaris." I could scarcely refrain from throwing it into the fire—another victim, thought I—oh, the curse of an English education! By and by, down came the mother and the sister, then Clutterbuck, and lastly, bedizened out with gewgaws and trumpery—the wife. Born and nurtured as I was in the art of the *volto sciolto pensieri stretti*, I had seldom found a more arduous task of dissimulation than that which I experienced now. However, the hope to benefit my friend's situation assisted me; the best way, I thought, of obtaining him more respect from his

wife, would be by showing her the respect he meets with from others: accordingly, I sat down by her, and having first conciliated her attention by some of that coin, termed compliments, in which there is no counterfeit that does not have the universal effect of real, I spoke with the most profound veneration of the talents and learning of Clutterbuck—I dilated upon the high reputation he enjoyed—upon the general esteem in which he was held—upon the kindness of his heart—the sincerity of his modesty—the integrity of his honour—in short, whatever I thought likely to affect her; most of all, I insisted upon the high panegyrics bestowed upon him, by Lord this, and the Earl that, and wound up, with adding that I was certain he would die a bishop. My eloquence had its effect; all dinner time, Mrs. Clutterbuck treated her husband with even striking consideration: my words seemed to have gifted her with a new light, and to have wrought a thorough transformation in her view of her lord and master's character. Who knows not the truth, that we have dim and short-

sighted eyes to estimate the nature of our own kin, and that we borrow the spectacles which alone enable us to discern their merits or their failings from the opinion of strangers. It may be readily supposed that the dinner did not pass without its share of the ludicrous—that the waiter and the dishes, the family and the host, would have afforded ample materials, no less for the student of nature in Hogarth, than of caricature in Bunbury; but I was too seriously occupied in pursuing my object, and marking its success, to have time even for a smile. Ah! if ever you would allure your son to diplomacy, show him how subservient he may make it to benevolence.

When the women had retired, we drew our chairs near to each other, and laying down my watch on the table, as I looked out upon the declining day, I said, "Let us make the best of our time, I can only linger here one half hour longer."

"And how, my friend," said Clutterbuck, "shall we learn the method of making the best

use of time? *there*, whether it be in the larger segments, or the petty subdivisions of our life, rest the great enigma of our being. Who is there that has ever exclaimed—(pardon my pedantry, I am for once *driven* into Greek)—Ευρηκα! to this most difficult of the sciences?"

"Come," said I, "it is not for you, the favoured scholar—the honoured academician—whose hours are never idly employed, to ask this question!"

"Your friendship makes too flattering the acumen of your judgment," answered the modest Clutterbuck; "it has indeed been my lot to cultivate the fields of truth, as transmitted unto our hands by the wise men of old; and I have much to be thankful for, that I have, in the employ, been neither curtailed in my leisure, nor abased in my independence—the two great goods of a calm and meditative mind; yet are there moments in which I am led to doubt of the wisdom of my pursuits: and when, with a feverish and shaking hand, I put aside the books which have detained me from my

rest till the morning hour, and repair unto a couch often baffled of slumber by the pains and discomforts of this worn and feeble frame, I almost wish I could purchase the rude health of the peasant by the exchange of an idle and imperfect learning for the ignorance, content with the narrow world it possesses, because unconscious of the limitless creation beyond. Yet, my dear and esteemed friend, there is a dignified and tranquillizing philosophy in the writings of the ancients which ought to teach me a better condition of mind; and when I have risen from the lofty, albeit, somewhat melancholy strain, which swells through the essays of the graceful and tender Cicero, I have indeed felt a momentary satisfaction at my studies, and an elation even at the petty success with which I have cherished them. But these are brief and fleeting moments, and deserve chastisement for their pride. There is one thing, my Pelham, which has grieved me bitterly of late, and that is, that in the earnest attention which it is the—perhaps fastidious—custom of our university, to pay to the minutiæ of

classic lore, I do now oftentimes lose the spirit and beauty of the general bearing; nay, I derive a far greater pleasure from the ingenious amendment of a perverted text, than from all the turn and thought of the sense itself: while I am straightening a crooked nail in the wine-cask, I suffer the wine to evaporate; but to this I am somewhat reconciled, when I reflect that it was also the misfortune of the great Porson, and the elaborate Parr, men with whom I blush to find myself included in the same sentence."

"My friend," said I, "I wish neither to wound your modesty, nor impugn your pursuits; but think you not that it would be better, both for men and for yourself, that, while you are yet in the vigour of your age and reason, you occupy your ingenuity and application in some more useful and lofty work, than that which you suffered me to glance at in your library; and moreover, as the great object of him who would perfect his mind, is first to strengthen the faculties of his body, would it not be prudent in you to lessen for a time your

devotion to books; to exercise yourself in the fresh air—to relax the bow, by loosing the string; to mix more with the living, and impart to men in conversation, as well as in writing, whatever the incessant labour of many years may have hoarded? Come, if not to town, at least to its vicinity; the profits of your living, if even tolerably managed, will enable you to do so without inconvenience. Leave your books to their shelves, and your flock to their curate, and—you shake your head—do I displease you?"

"No, no, my kind and generous adviser—but as the twig was set, the tree must grow. I have not been without that ambition which, however vain and sinful, is the first passion to enter the wayward and tossing vessel of our soul, and the last to leave its stranded and shattered wreck; but mine found and attained its object at an age, when in others it is, as yet, a vague and unsettled feeling; and it feeds now rather upon the recollections of what has been, than ventures forward on a sea of untried and strange expectation. As for my

studies! how can you, who have, and in no moderate draught, drank of the old stream of Castaly, how can *you* ask me *now* to change them? Are not the ancients, my food, my aliment, my solace in sorrow, my sympathizers, my very benefactors, in joy? Take them away from me, and you take away the very winds which purify and give motion to the obscure and silent current of my life. Besides, my Pelham, it cannot have escaped your observation, that there is little in my present state which promises a long increase of days; the few that remain to me must glide away like their predecessors; and whatever be the infirmities of my body, and the little harassments which, I am led to suspect, do occasionally molest the most fortunate, who link themselves unto the unstable and fluctuating part of creation, which we term women, more especially in an hymeneal capacity, whatever these may be, I have my refuge and my comforter in the golden souled and dreaming Plato, and the sententious wisdom of the less imaginative Seneca. Nor, when I am reminded

of my approaching dissolution by the symptoms which do mostly at the midnight hour press themselves upon me, is there a small and inglorious pleasure in the hope that I may meet hereafter, in those islands of the blest which they dimly dreamt of, but which are opened unto *my* vision, without a cloud, or mist, or shadow of uncertainty and doubt, with those bright spirits which we do now converse with so imperfectly, that I may catch from the very lips of Homer the unclouded gorgeousness of fiction, and from the accents of Archimedes, the unadulterated calculations of truth."

Clutterbuck ceased, and the glow of his enthusiasm diffused itself over his sunken eye and consumptive cheek. The boy, who had sat apart, and silent, during our discourse, laid his head upon the table, and sobbed audibly; and I rose, deeply affected, to offer to one for whom they were, indeed, unavailing, the wishes and blessing of an eager, but not hardened disciple of the world. We parted; on this earth we can never meet

again. The light has wasted itself away beneath the bushel. It will be six weeks to-morrow since the meek and noble minded academician breathed his last.*

* If in the above sketch, something in the antique phrase of the collegian has appeared, imitated from the dicta of Dominie Sampson, I trust that there are many differences in circumstance and character between the two, which, as well as the moral, for the illustration of which my sketch itself was introduced, will free me from the imputation of plagiarism for a single similitude, which I could not, without greatly departing from my *original*, have avoided.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

'Tis but a single murder.

LILLO'S *Fatal Curiosity.*

It was in a melancholy and thoughtful mood that I rode away from the parsonage. Many and hearty were the maledictions I bestowed upon a system of education which, while it was so ineffective with the many, was so pernicious to the few. Miserable delusion (thought I) that encourages the ruin of health, and the perversion of intellect by studies that, while they are unprofitable to the world, are destructive to the possessor—that incapacitate him for public, and unfit him for private life—and, while they expose him to the ridicule of

strangers, render him the victim of his wife, and the prey of his domestic.

Busied in such reflections, I rode quickly on till I found myself once more on the heath. I looked anxiously round for the conspicuous equipage of Lady Chester, but in vain—the ground was thin—nearly all the higher orders had retired—the common people, grouped together, and clamouring noisily, were withdrawing: and the shrill voices of the itinerant hawkers of cards and bills had at length subsided into silence. I rode over the ground, in the hope of finding some solitary straggler of our party. Alas! there was not one; and, with much reluctance at, and distaste to, my lonely retreat, I turned in a homeward direction from the course.

The evening had already set in, but there was a moon in the cold grey sky, that I could almost have thanked in a sonnet for a light which I felt was never more welcomely dispensed, when I thought of the cross roads and dreary country I had to pass before I reached the longed for haven

of Chester Park. After I had left the direct road, the wind, which had before been piercingly keen, fell, and I perceived a dark cloud behind, which began slowly to overtake my steps. I care little, in general, for the discomfort of a shower—yet, as when we are in one misfortune we always exaggerate the consequence of a new one, I looked upon my dark pursuer with a very impatient and petulant frown, and set my horse on a trot, much more suitable to my inclination than his own. Indeed, he seemed fully alive to the cornless state of the parson's stable, and evinced his sense of the circumstance by a very languid mode of progression, and a constant attempt, whenever his pace abated, and I suffered the rein to slumber upon his neck, to crop the rank grass that sprung up on either side of our road. I had proceeded about three miles on my way, when I heard the clatter of hoofs behind me. My even pace soon suffered me to be overtaken, and, as the stranger checked his horse when he was nearly by my side, I turned towards him, and beheld Sir John Tyrrell.

"Well," said he, "this is really fortunate—for I began to fear I should have my ride, this cold evening, entirely to myself."

"I imagined that you had long reached Chester Park by this time," said I. "Did not you leave the course with our party?"

"No," answered Tyrrell, "I had business, at Newmarket, with a rascally fellow of the name of Dawson. He lost to me rather a considerable wager, and asked me to come to the town with him after the race, in order to pay me. As he said he lived on the direct road to Chester Park, and would direct, and even accompany me, through all the difficult part of the ride, I the less regretted not joining Chester and his party; and you know, Pelham, that when pleasure pulls one way, and money another, it is all over with the first. Well—to return to my rascal—would you believe, that when we got to Newmarket, he left me at the inn, in order, he said, to fetch the money; and after having kept me in a cold room, with a smoky chimney, for more than an hour, without

making his appearance, I sallied out into the town, and found Mr. Dawson quietly seated in a hell with that scoundrel Thornton, whom I did not conceive, till then, he was acquainted with. It seems that he was to win, at hazard, sufficient to pay his wager. You may fancy my anger, and the consequent increase to it, when he rose from the table, approached me, expressed his sorrow, d——d his ill luck, and informed me that he could not pay me for three months. You know that I could not ride home with such a fellow—he might have robbed me by the way—so I returned to my inn—dined—ordered my horse, set off—*en Cavalier seul*—inquired my way of every passenger I passed, and after innumerable misdirections—here I am."

"I cannot sympathize with you," said I, "since I am benefited by your misfortunes. But do you think it very necessary to trot so fast? I fear my horse can scarcely keep up with yours."

Tyrrell cast an impatient glance at my panting steed. "It is cursed unlucky you should be so

badly mounted, and we shall have a pelting shower presently."

In complaisance to Tyrrell, I endeavoured to accelerate my steed. The roads were rough and stony, and I had scarcely got the tired animal into a sharper trot, before—whether or no by some wrench among the deep ruts and flinty causeway—he fell suddenly lame. The impetuosity of Tyrrell broke out in oaths, and we both descended to examine the cause of my horse's hurt, in the hope that it might only be the intrusion of some pebble between the shoe and the hoof. While we were yet investigating the cause of our misfortune, two men on horseback overtook us. Tyrrell looked up. "By Heaven," said he, in a low tone, "it's that dog Dawson, and his worthy coadjutor, Tom Thornton."

"What's the matter, gentlemen?" cried the bluff voice of the latter. "Can I be of any assistance?" and without waiting our reply, he dismounted, and come up to us. He had no sooner felt the horse's leg, than he assured us it was

a most severe strain, and that the utmost I could effect would be to walk the brute gently home."

As Tyrrell broke out into impatient violence at this speech, the sharper looked up at him with an expression of countenance I by no means liked; but in a very civil, and even respectful tone, said, "If you want, Sir John, to reach Chester Park sooner than Mr. Pelham can possibly do, supposing you ride on with us, I will put you in the direct road before I quit you." (Good breeding, thought I, to propose leaving me to find my own way through this labyrinth of ruts and stones!) However, Tyrrell, who was in a vile humour, in no very courteous manner, refused the offer, and added that he should continue with me as long as he could, and did not doubt that when he left me he should be able to find his own way. Thornton pressed the invitation still closer, and even offered, *sotto voce*, to send Dawson on before, should the baronet object to his company.

"Pray, Sir," said Tyrrell, "leave me alone, and busy yourself about your own affairs." After so tart a reply, Thornton thought it useless to say more; he remounted, and with a silent and swaggering nod of familiarity, soon rode away with his companion.

"I am sorry," said I, as we were slowly proceeding, "that you rejected Thornton's offer."

"Why, to say truth," answered Tyrrell, "I have so very bad an opinion of him, that I was almost afraid to trust myself in his company on so dreary a road. I have nearly (and he knows it,) to the amount of two thousand pounds about me; for I was very fortunate in my betting-book to-day."

"I know nothing about racing regulations," said I; "but I thought one never paid sums of that amount upon the ground?"

"Ah!" answered Tyrrell, "but I won this sum, which is 1,800*l.*, of a country squire from Norfolk, who said he did not know when he should

see me again, and insisted on paying me on the spot; 'faith I was not nice in the matter. Thornton was standing by at the time, and I did not half like the turn of his eye when he saw me put it up. Do you know, too," continued Tyrrell, after a pause, "that I have had a d—d fellow dodging me all day, and yesterday too; wherever I go I am sure to see him. He seems constantly, though distantly, to follow me; and what is worse, he wraps himself up so well, and keeps at so cautious a distance, that I can never catch a glimpse of his face."

I know not why, but at that moment the recollection of the muffled figure I had seen upon the course, flashed upon me.

"Does he wear a long horseman's cloak?" said I.

"He does," answered Tyrrell, in surprise: "have you observed him?"

"I saw such a person on the race ground," replied I; "but only for an instant!"

Farther conversation was suspended by a few heavy drops which fell upon us; the cloud had passed over the moon, and was hastening rapidly and loweringly over our heads. Tyrrell was neither of an age, a frame, nor a temper, to be so indifferent to a hearty wetting as myself.

"God!" he cried, "you *must* put on that beast of your's—I can't get wet, for all the horses in the world."

I was not much pleased with the dictatorial tone of this remark. "It is impossible," said I, "especially as the horse is not my own, and seems considerably lamer than at first; but let me not detain you."

"Well!" cried Tyrrell, in a raised and angry voice, which pleased me still less than his former remark; "but how am I to find my way, if I leave you?"

"Keep straight on," said I, "for a mile farther, then a sign-post will direct you to the left; after a short time, you will have a steep hill to de-

scend, at the bottom of which is a large pool, and a singularly shaped tree; then keep straight on, till you pass a house belonging to Mr. Dawson——"

"Come, come, Pelham, make haste!" exclaimed Tyrrell, impatiently, as the rain began now to descend fast and heavy.

"When you have passed that house," I resumed coolly, rather enjoying his petulance, "you must bear to the right for six miles, and you will be at Chester Park in less than an hour."

Tyrrell made no reply, but put spurs to his horse. The pattering rain and the angry heavens, soon drowned the last echoes of the receding hoof-clang.

For myself, I looked in vain for a tree, not even a shrub was to be found, the fields lay bare on either side, with no other partition but a dead hedge, and a deep dyke. "*Patientia fit melius, &c.*" thought I, as Horace said, and Vincent *would* say; and in order to divert my thoughts from my situation, I turned them towards my diplomatic success

with Lord Chester. Presently, for I think scarcely five minutes had elapsed since Tyrrell's departure, a horseman passed me at a sharp pace; the moon was hid by the dense cloud, and the night, though not wholly dark, was dim and obscured, so that I could only catch the outline of the flitting figure. A thrill of fear crept over me, when I saw that it was enveloped in a horseman's cloak. I soon rallied—"There are more cloaks in the world than one," said I to myself: "besides, even if it be Tyrrell's dodger, as he calls him, the baronet is better mounted than any highwayman since the days of Du Val; and is, moreover, strong enough, and cunning enough to take admirable care of himself." With this reflection I dismissed the occurrence from my thoughts, and once more returned to self-congratulations upon my own incomparable genius. "I shall now," I thought, "have well earned my seat in parliament; Dawton will indisputably be, if not the prime, the principal minister in rank and influence. He cannot fail to promote me for his own sake, as well as mine; and when I

have once fairly got my legs in St. Stephen's, I shall soon have my hands in office: 'power,' says some one, 'is a snake that when it once finds a hole into which it can introduce its head, soon manages to wriggle in the rest of its body.' With such meditations I endeavoured to beguile the time and cheat myself into forgetfulness of the lameness of my horse, and the dripping wetness of his rider. At last the storm began sullenly to subside: one impetuous torrent, ten-fold more violent than those that had preceded it, was followed by a momentary stillness, which was again broken by a short relapse of a less formidable severity, and the moment it ceased, the beautiful moon broke out, the cloud rolled heavily away, and the sky shone forth, as fair and smiling as Lady —— at a ball, after she has been beating her husband at home.

But at that instant, or perhaps a second before the storm ceased, I thought I heard the sound of a human cry. I paused, and my heart stood still. I could have heard a gnat hum—the sound was not repeated; my ear caught nothing but the

plashing of the rain drops from the dead hedges, and the murmur of the swollen dykes, as the waters pent within them rolled hurriedly on. By and bye, an owl came suddenly from behind me, and screamed as it flapped across my path; that, too, went rapidly away: and with a smile, at what I deemed my own fancy, I renewed my journey. I soon came to the precipitous descent I have before mentioned; I dismounted, for safety, from my drooping and jaded horse, and led him down the hill. At a distance beyond I saw something dark moving on the grass which bordered the road; as I advanced, it started forth from the shadow, and fled rapidly before me, in the moonshine—it was a riderless horse. A chilling foreboding seized me: I looked round for some weapon, such as the hedge might afford; and finding a strong stick of tolerable weight and thickness, I proceeded more cautiously, but more fearlessly than before. As I wound down the hill, the moonlight fell full upon the remarkable and lonely tree I had observed in the morning. Bare, wan, and giant-like, as it rose

amidst the surrounding waste, it borrowed even a more startling and ghostly appearance from the cold and lifeless moonbeams which fell around and upon it like a shroud. The retreating animal I had driven before me, paused by this tree. I hastened my steps, as if by an involuntary impulse, as well as the enfeebled animal I was leading would allow me, and discovered a horseman galloping across the waste at full speed. The ground over which he passed was steeped in the moonshine, and I saw the long and disguising cloak, in which he was enveloped, as clearly as by the light of day. I paused; and as I was following him with my looks, my eye fell upon some obscure object by the left side of the pool. I threw my horse's rein over the hedge, and firmly grasping my stick, hastened to the spot. As I approached the object, I perceived that it was a human figure; it was lying still and motionless; the limbs were half immersed in the water—the face was turned upwards—the side and throat were wet with a deep red stain—it was of blood; the thin, dark hairs

of the head, were clotted together over a frightful and disfiguring contusion. I bent over the face in a shuddering and freezing silence. It was the countenance of Sir John Tyrrell!

END OF VOL. II.

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